The Outlook

DECEMBER 7, 1921

WAGES IN THE PACKING INDUSTRY

ONE of the most remarkable demonstrations that it is practicable for employees and employers to work together, not as antagonists or enemies, but as friendly partners, comes from the packing industry in Chicago. The leading firms in the meat-packing industry are Armour & Co., Swift & Co., Wilson & Co., Morris & Co., and the Cudahy Packing Company. These firms are known as the "Big Five." Together they employ in Chicago and in their other plants in various parts of the country about 125,000 men and women. Twenty-six thousand of the employees of Armour & Co. on November 8 agreed at a meeting in Chicago with the executives of the company to a wage reduction. The officials of the company met with representatives of the employees in accordance with the shop committee plan, and the books and financial statements of the company were plainly and frankly shown to and discussed with the representatives of the employees. The officials of the company have announced that the men voluntarily recognized that a wage reduction was necessary. Later the employees of Swift & Co., Wilson & Co., and the Cudahy Packing Company similarly assented to a wage reduction. Morris & Co. have not introduced into their business the shop committee plan, but will naturally follow the reductions made by the other members of the "Big Five." It should be added that various members of organized labor in other plants of the packers outside of Chicago have objected to the shop committee plan and have said that, following the advice of their union leaders, they will not accept the reduction of wages volunteered by the shop committees at the Chicago Conference.

Nevertheless this agreement between employers and employees is in itself a very striking episode in the history of labor controversies in this country. It is the plan which has been advocated in The Outlook and elsewhere for the last two years by Mr. Sherman Rogers, Industrial Correspondent of this journal, and we suspect that his influence both with employees and employers in the packing industry has had not a little to do with this partnership agreement.

The general principle of the shop committee plan is that the employees in every great plant shall elect representatives to a council upon which the employers shall also have representatives and that not only the conditions of labor shall be discussed at these council meetings but that the men shall be made completely familiar with the financial condition of the industry, including both profits and losses and cost of manufacture, exactly as the depositors of a well-conducted bank or the policy-holders of a great mutual life insurance company are made familiar in every particular with the financial situation of the corporations in which they are interested. Mr. Rogers has long claimed that when this is done the American workman will be reasonable and just about the matter of wages.

The action of the employees of Armour & Co. seems to confirm this judgment. It is too much to expect that it will work smoothly at first. There will be differences of opinion. There will be men in the employers' group as well as in the employees' group who are hot-headed and cantankerous and who will be influenced by their prejudices as well as by their reasoning faculties. This is the history of all human relationships. But the meeting in Chicago of the packers and their men is a step in the right direction, and we hope it will be followed up.

THE GARMENT MAKERS' STRIKE IN NEW YORK

THERE are hopeful indications that the difficulties between the manufacturers of women's garments and the workers in New York City may be settled on a reasonable basis. It has been proposed by the employers to put the matter in the hands of Secretary Davis, of the Department of Labor, and Secretary Hoover, of the Department of Commerce. Meanwhile a number of the manufacturers have made terms individually with their employees and the total number of strikers has been cut down very considerably from the sixty thousand who originally went out.

As the discussion over this formidable industrial quarrel develops it has turned more and more on the principle of abiding by contracts. In not a few instances in recent industrial troubles the unions have been severely blamed for not abiding by contracts entered into by them. In this case, however, the charge is reversed. The leaders of the strike assert that the employers' association have four times broken definite agreements with the workers. The head of the strikers, Mr. Schlesinger, declares that the one point really in issue is whether employers are at liberty to break contracts from time to time. The present strike, he declares, is not so much on the question of piece work versus week work as on what he terms the principle of "holding each party to an industrial contract to the full and honest observance of the covenant solemnly entered into."

A novelty in strike warfare, so far as we know, is the effort of the unions to obtain from the courts an injunction against the manufacturers forbidding them to violate the conditions of their contract by establishing a piece-work system. Injunctions against unions have often been asked for, but an injunction against an employers' lockout is unusual, if not unique.

When once the question of existing contracts is settled, the disagreement as to the two plans of work may be met by concessions or securities given by the two parties to treat one another fairly under whichever plan is adopted. Logically, the piece-work system is the best, industrially speaking, but in this particular industry employees believe that it has evils and that in the past it has been so closely connected with the sweat-shop system that it is not desirable.

The whole history of the industrial troubles in the garment industry in New York has been an effort to make production satisfactory without oppressing the workers or allowing the workers to injure their employers by slackness and "soldiering on the job." It was in this industry that the first application of the protocol idea took place, and the arguments of Mr. Brandeis, now Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Miss Josephine Goldmark, Mr. Henry Moskowitz, and others formed a remarkable chapter in labor annals.

A CHRISTMAS FIGHT FOR LIVES

LIFE and health have no more desperate enemy than the great white plague. For years the American Red Cross and the National Tuberculosis Association have combined at holiday time to provide the means for extending the campaign against this common enemy. The Christmas Seal has proved a most efficient weapon. The Red Cross, to which the use of this seal belongs, transfers the authority to use it to the National Tuberculosis Association as the best and simplest way of bringing the matter to the attention of the people at large. The response has been generous

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in past years, and increasingly so. Very few people indeed, we imagine, will refuse to aid the cause by the purchase of at least a dollar's worth of the seals.

The Outlook has always felt a special interest in the use of the Christmas Seals for benevolent purposes because the idea was, so far as we know, first suggested in its columns by one of its contributors, Emily Bissell, and brought into extensive use by another contributor, Jacob A. Riis.

It may be asked whether the effect of this war waged against insidious disease has had recognizable effects. The answer given by the National Tuberculosis Association is that since 1904, when that Association was founded, the death rate from tuberculosis in the registered districts (about four-fifths of the entire country) decreased up to 1919 from 2,012 in the million to 1,256 in the million. This indicates that there has been a saving of about 750 human lives yearly in each million of the population, or 75,000 yearly in a population of one hundred million. Figures are sometimes more impressive than arguments, and this, we think, is one of those cases. There are illustrations on pages 568 and 569 of this issue which speak as loudly as these figures of a need that must be met.

Not hundreds of thousands of dollars, but millions, are needed this year to make the campaign still more effective and to extend its lines of battle. That the American people will contribute in small sums a munificent total is certain. It has done so in the past, and it will continue to do so. A spur to generosity is not needed. This is a reminder that no individual should overlook or forget this annual expression of Christmas love and help.

PIGSKINS AND IVORIES

THANKSGIVING DAY and the Saturday which followed practically closed the football season in the East. The first day had a double significance to those who dwell above the shores of Lake Cayuga (altogether too far above them, as any one will testify who has climbed up the long hill to the Cornell campus on a slippery winter day), for on that occasion the Ithacan university trounced its ancient and honorable foe, the University of Pennsylvania, by the unprecedented score of 41–0. The children of Israel entering upon the promised land doubtless felt no more joy than the adherents of Cornell over their well-earned—if long postponed—victory. Perhaps from now on the battles between the two universities may result in an evener division of the spoils.

The most important game on the Saturday following Thanksgiving was the annual controversy between West Point and Annapolis. In a hard-fought battle waged with the traditional vigor of the two service elevens the Navy won by a score of 7–0. The game was played in a drizzling rain.

In another field of sport there has been a defeat as striking as the overwhelming rout of Pennsylvania by Cornell. In the championship billiard tournament at Chicago Willie Hoppe, who for more than a decade has held undisputed leadership among professional players of 18:2 balk line, went down to defeat before young Jake Schaefer, the son of "Wizard" Schaefer, the former title-holder. In a round robin series of games between the foremost players of the world Schaefer and Hoppe led the field. When Schaefer and Hoppe met, the former had one defeat scored against him, the latter a clean slate. Schaefer then proceeded to defeat Hoppe overwhelmingly, thereby tying for first place. In the play-off Schaefer again beat his celebrated opponent.

That Hoppe has at last lost his title is no disgrace. The astonishing thing is that any man could have held the title so long in a field in which there is such aggressive competition. Modern billiards require the highest type of physical and mental co-ordination. Hoppe's record is a striking commentary on the value of clean living. It is entirely possible of course that he may regain the title, but the mental hazard of his opponents in facing this long undefeated champion will be materially lessened.

AFTERMATH OF THE TENNIS SEASON

THE tennis season of 1921 has passed into history, but the conclusion of one painful incident has just been recorded.

It will be remembered that Suzanne Lenglen, the brilliant champion of Europe, came to America to play in the National Women's Tournament and also to give exhibition games for the benefit of the Fund for Devastated France. Her introduction to America was not a happy one, for in the face of a threatened defeat she pleaded illness and left the courts. Captain Albert R. de Joannis, the Vice-President of the French Tennis Federation, who came to America to handle Mlle. Lenglen's tour, has now resigned his office and membership in that organization because the Federation has seen fit to publish a censorious statement concerning the directors of the United States Lawn Tennis Federation, charging them with unjustified commentaries upon the sporting spirit of Mlle. Lenglen. In resigning, M. de Joannis said:

> Mlle. Lenglen was perfectly fit when she met Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory at Forest Hills. Mlle. Lenglen was defeated by a player who on that date showed a better brand of tennis.
>
> I shook hands with Mlle. Lenglen before she entered the court. Her hand was cool and her pulse normal. She was confident. She only commenced coughing after having lost games. I blame her for absolutely refusing to continue when I could have obtained a recess of half an hour, perhaps an hour, through the sporting spirit of the tennis officials and the large crowd.
>
> Suzanne's attacks against the United States Lawn Tennis officials and the public are absolutely unwarranted. She was received like a little queen and treated with the utmost courtesy. Her every whim and mood was satisfied.
>
> She knows how to win, but she does not know how to lose gracefully. She placed the personality of Suzanne before the good name of the sporting world of her country, and could not face defeat.

M. de Joannis pointed out that Carpentier was still regarded as a hero in America because he went down fighting, and that Mlle. Lenglen, contrary to the spirit of France, resigned rather than face defeat.

With this comment by Mlle. Lenglen's manager the incident may well be closed. It seemed to The Outlook at the time of the unfortunate affair that the officials of our tennis association handled the difficult problem with an extraordinary amount of forbearance, graciousness, and tact. The American press as a whole treated the incident with similar generosity. The present action of the French Tennis Federation could not have occurred in a country which possessed a full understanding of the British and American definition of the word sport. The action of M. de Joannis indicates that there is no need to fear that this lack of understanding will be permanent.

A GREAT PHILISOPHER

EMILE BOUTROUX is dead, seventy years old. For thirty-six years he had been Professor of Philosophy at the Sorbonne in the University of Paris, in succession to Paul Janet.

Those Americans who heard Boutroux eleven years ago at Harvard or, some years later, at the dedication of the Princeton Graduate School, will remember the nobility of his utterances. Whether as educator or philosopher, what he had to say justly commanded world attention.

As an educator Boutroux performed a notable service as a president of the Fondation Thiers, a charity founded by the creator of the Third French Republic to help scholars towards original reesarch. The Fondation has its own house in Paris, not far from the Bois de Boulogne. The pensioners remain three years. The production of many well-equipped men of learning as well as a group of erudite works on

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I DO SPY A KIND OF HOPE

(Romeo and Juliet, Act IV, Scene 1)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

ANSWERED

From Frederick Eissler, Philadelphia

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

JUST SENSE

From Frederick Eissler, Philadelphia

Morris for the George Matthews Adams Service

THE BALKY HORSE

Copyright, 1921, George Matthews Adams

Williams in the Indianapolis News

DAVID COLLECTS A FEW ROCKS FOR GOLIATH

From Miss Ruth Latshaw, Carlisle, Indiana

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otherwise unstudied themes is due to Boutroux's direction.

Boutroux believed that the spirit of teaching should animate the spirit of philosophy and *vice versa*. "Children," he used to say, "often look upon school teaching as something abstract and artificial, bearing no relation to realities." Hence he would remind teachers that school exercises "do not constitute artificial generalities for the memory or imagination, practiced with a view to examinations;" on the contrary, "they are made up of the best and purest elements that men have yet discovered, for the purpose of raising to its highest point the dignity and power, beauty and greatness, of human life."

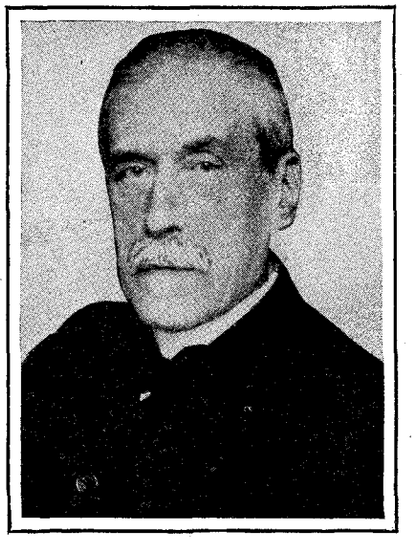
As a philosopher he was a foremost champion both of the freedom of the will as against determinism and of spirit as against matter. He was thus the intellectual father of Henri Bergson, his pupil. Boutroux's philosophical system was derived, not from abstract reasoning, but from an examination of every branch of human knowledge. His system rests on the principle that the laws of nature afford scope for the free activity of rational beings. Boutroux did more than any one, probably, to make our William James known in France—chiefly by writing an Introduction to the French translation of "Varieties of Religious Experience" by the American philosopher, and also by an ample chapter on James in one of the best-known Boutroux books, "Science et Religion," and finally by a volume on James.

Education and philosophy, declared Boutroux, should serve ethics, religious ethics, Christian ethics. In discussing Christian ethics the French philosopher declared that the main principle of the teaching of Jesus was his conception of God as a Father. Again, "One point strikes us all: the insistence with which Jesus put his disciples on their guard against the formalistic conception of a religious life." And again, "The spirituality of the Christian life is not abstract and negative; it is concrete and living."

AGITATION IN PORTO RICO

THE hostility toward Governor Reily in Porto Rico seems to be in part due to ebullition of the always present political heat between the opposing parties on the island and partly to a lack of tactfulness on the part of the Governor. Reports indicate that in his disapproval of the movement for absolute independence of the island, a disapproval in which he was thoroughly justified, he unnecessarily offended that section of the people which holds to an idea as impractical in Porto Rico as it is in Ireland.

The Unionist party in Porto Rico is



ÉMILE BOUTROUX

strongly in the majority both in the Senate and in the lower house, but the Unionist party itself is divided on the question of the future of the island; a radical wing of the party is urging independence, and this radical wing has temporarily committed the whole party to a position disapproved of by a very considerable number of its members. Before Governor Reily took office, we are told by a correspondent who knows Porto Rico perhaps better than any other American, he was attacked by the hotheads of this faction. The hostility was increased by the Governor's inaugural speech, which declared that he could not "tolerate" the opinions of the Independendista party, a declaration not calculated to soothe his opponents. He also declared later that he would not appoint any person to office who held the policy he disapproved, and made himself unpopular by the removal of judges and others from office apparently on political ground. The total result has been such personal hostility that the Governor declared that his life was in danger, and there have been some demonstrations of violence. That the agitation will result in revolution is improbable. We judge that our correspondent to whom we referred above is right in saying that Governor Reily "is doing the right thing in a wrong way," and "has made a poor situation into a very bad one."

The Porto Ricans believe that the United States should declare a distinct policy as to the future of the island. One party in the island, the Republicans, believe that Porto Rico should be made a State of the United States and that this should be done at the first possible minute. Of the other courses possible, the return to a military and imperialistic régime would certainly be contrary to American ideas. But the granting of autonomy to Porto Rico might be brought about without establishing independence or abandoning the island to its own devices or granting Statehood. The last would obviously be unwise at present, for it would admit eight or ten Representatives and two Senators to a share in legislation for the United States, about whose needs they could know hardly anything. Why not establish such self-government as exists now in Canada, with the supreme authority vested in the United States? This plan would make the Porto Ricans responsible for their own political and economic conditions and would amount to a reasonable degree of Home Rule, with opportunity for growth in self-government and the support of the American Government where that support is needed.

THE ASSOCIATION OF NATIONS

SINCE receiving Mr. Ernest Abbott's correspondence from the Armament Conference, which appears elsewhere in this issue under the title "The Goblins Will Get You," he sends us just as we go to press the following telegram, which is self-explanatory:

> An Association of Nations is not under consideration at the Armament Conference. The subject was raised simply by inquiries addressed to President Harding by the newspaper correspondents. There is no intention to place it on the Conference programme. That would be too precipitate. But the subject may be taken up after the Conference finishes the topics on its agenda. In fact, the President will be disappointed if something is not done to that end. Such an Association is not intended as a rival to the League of Nations; in fact, it would have no relation to it. The thought is simply to put into form the principle of reaching an understanding around a conference table as the Armament Conference is now doing. You may rely on these statements.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

IT is a satisfaction to note that of the latest diplomatic appointees, the more important have had previous experience abroad. One is John W. Riddle, of Connecticut, a former Ambassador to Russia, who goes as Ambassador to Argentina. Another is Lewis Einstein of New York, former Minister to Costa Rica; previously he passed six years as secretary in various posts abroad; he goes as Minister to Czechoslovakia. Still another is Charles S. Wilson, of Maine, who for twenty years has been secretary at various posts abroad; he goes as Minister to Bulgaria.

Among the other appointees is Rabbi Saul Kornfeld, of Ohio, who has long been interested in civic affairs; he goes as Minister to Persia. This is the first time, so far as we know, that a rabbi

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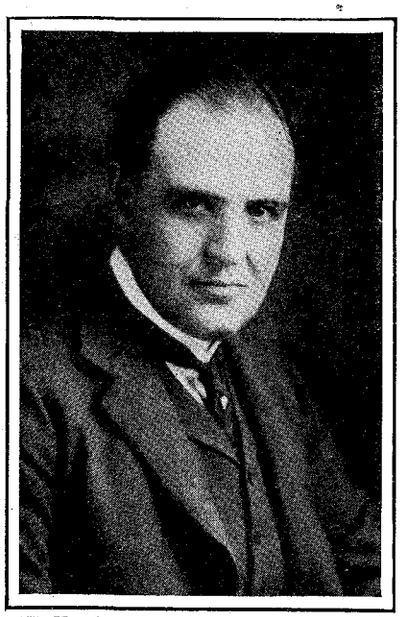

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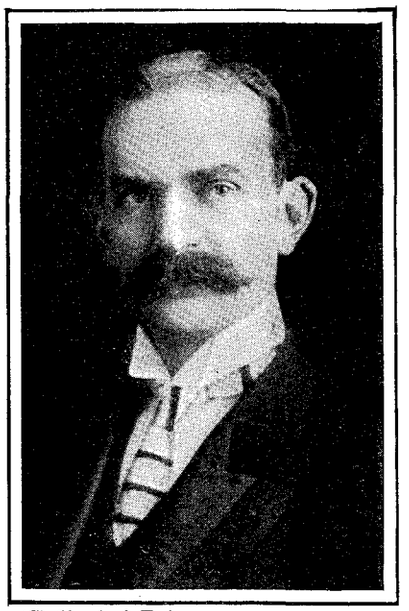
LEWIS EINSTEIN, MINISTER TO CZECHO-SLOVAKIA



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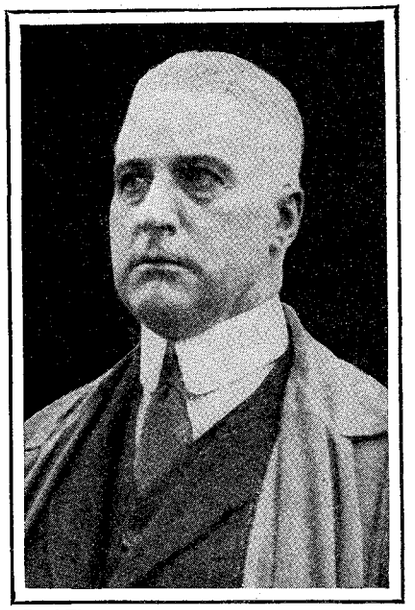
JOHN W. RIDDLE, AMBASSADOR TO ARGENTINA



Paul Thompson

CHARLES S. WILSON, MINISTER TO BULGARIA

NEW AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC APPOINTEES

has been appointed to the diplomatic service.

Two newspaper men are among the appointees, namely, Jesse S. Cottrell, of Tennessee, and Edward E. Brodie, of Oregon. They have been chosen as Ministers to Bolivia and Siam, respectively.

Two others are lawyers, namely, Charles A. Kagey, of Connecticut, and Willis C. Cook, of South Dakota. They go as Ministers to Finland and Venezuela, respectively.

Among other names are those of Roy Davis, of Missouri, Head of the Stevens Institute of Missouri, and John E. Ramer, of Colorado, former Secretary of State of Colorado. Their respective posts are in Guatemala and Nicaragua.

Dr. John Glover South, of Kentucky, though prominent in affairs in his own State, also owes his appointment as Minister to Panama to the fact that his wife, Mrs. Christine Bradley South, rendered notable service to the Republican party in the recent campaign.

"THE INTERESTS"

THE testimony of Mr. Frank Hedley, President and General Manager of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York, has done more to explain the re-election of Mayor Hylan than columns of criticism bewailing the low standards of intelligence in American democracy. Mr. Hedley has been the operating head of the Interborough subways since they were first opened seventeen years ago. No railway in the world operates trains with such frequency, or at such a high average speed, or carries such an enormous number of passengers per mile of track, or has such a remarkably small number of accidents per thousand passengers as the Interborough Subway. Mr. Hedley has proved himself a master of successful railway operating. His testimony on questions of municipal rapid transit therefore deserves attention.

Mr. Hedley recently appeared before the New York Transit Commision and gave that distinguished and judicial body information on the subway situation which was as frank as it was illuminating. He appeared not as a railway financier, but as a railway operator, and asked the Commission to remember that he had had nothing to do with the subway finances until he was elected president two years ago, when the company was facing bankruptcy.

Nevertheless he showed a clear and common-sense knowledge of fundamental financial facts. He frankly recognized the fact that during a considerable period immediately preceding the World War the company paid grossly excessive dividends instead of setting aside a proper reserve fund for such a contingency as that which came with the higher costs of the war. At this point in the examination the Chairman, Mr. McAneny, stated that during the years 1917, 1918, 1919, the dividends exceeded the earnings by $7,000,000. To this Mr. Hedley assented.

But perhaps the most striking passage in this notable examination is reported verbatim by the New York "Times" as follows:

> On any board of control of the unified companies under the Commission's proposed plan, Mr. Hedley said that the employees of the company should be represented, and told how the men a few months ago consented to a ten per cent reduction in pay, amounting to $2,600,000 a year, when they learned of the financial condition of the company.
>
> "It looked to me very clearly that if the men did not volunteer to accept a reduction in pay we would probably have to have a receiver," said Mr. Hedley. "They concluded that they did not want a receiver, that they would like to see if they could not get along with the present management for a while and they volunteered to accept a reduction, although their contracts ran to December 31."
>
> "While your workers then voluntarily reduced their compensation $2,600,000 a year," remarked Mr. Shearn, "the bankers who held your $39,000,000 notes put an extra charge of 1 per cent on them?"
>
> "The investor had to be bought to come in," replied Mr. Hedley.
>
> "In other words, $390,000 of the voluntary concession made by your employees went to pay extra interest to the bankers and others who held your notes," remarked Mr. Shearn.
>
> "That is correct," replied Mr. Hedley.
>
> "In order to give them 8 per cent instead of 7," remarked Mr. Shearn.
>
> "It would have caused bankruptcy if we did not renew these notes," said Mr. Hedley. "In that respect they are both in the same class, but the employees gave up something and the investors demanded more."

Now the men knew this fact perfectly well. They talked about it to their families, their friends, their associates. They felt that they were being gouged by what Mayor Hylan called "the interests." The great mass of the New York traveling public—the wage-workers, the clerks and salesmen, the small rent payers, the small merchants—these thousands of men and women believed that the financiers were trying to increase the cost of car-fare and the reduction of wages in order to perpetuate unfair profits. They had a grievance, and they turned to Mayor Hylan, who was at least

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their professed champion, however ineffective his nebulous plans for reform may be. They felt that he was, at heart, one with them, and that is about all there is to it.

Unless this kind of railway financiering is stopped we shall certainly have Government ownership and operation of our transit systems, both municipal and National. For the average man will prefer to risk the dangers of political bureaucracy and inefficiency, which he thinks he can control to some extent by his ballot, rather than to submit to what he believes is downright robbery.

This is the real psychology, we believe, of the recent Mayoralty election in the city of New York. It behooves those who, like ourselves, believe in private property, private initiative, and the social incentive of reasonable private profit to face the facts squarely and honestly.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS

ON November 23 the special session of the Sixty-seventh Congress came to an end. The regular session begins December 5.

A chorus of disapproval of the special session's work has gone up all over the country. Much of this criticism is just, but should not, we think, obscure our estimates of the session's net results.

Three important resolutions and, among others, ten important bills were passed.

The resolutions were:

(1) The ratification of the Colombian Treaty—an amazing agreement on our part to pay Colombia $25,000,000 blackmail.

(2) The Borah resolution, asking the President to negotiate with England and Japan with reference to armament limitation. Congress reflected popular sentiment and the Administration acted upon it in calling the Arms Conference, now in session in Washington.

(3) The Knox resolution, declaring peace with Germany and officially bringing our technical state of war to a close.

The ten bills passed at the special session were as follows:

The Immigration Act.
The Emergency Tariff Act.
The Tax Act.
The Grain Exchange Act.
The Packer Act.
The Maternity Act.
The Budget Act.
The Farm Credits Act.
The Good Roads Act.
The Soldier Relief Act.

The first three of these laws are bad. The Immigration Act, in our opinion, is a mechanical and mediæval device; it limits immigration to three per cent of the foreign-born of any particular nationality resident here. Its fault is not in shutting out mere numbers, but in often shutting out the kind of people we want and in admitting some we do not want.

The Emergency Tariff Act, a crude measure, imposing high duties on certain commodities, chiefly agricultural, was confessedly a temporary measure and has been prolonged until a general tariff bill shall be passed.

The same may be said of the Tax Act—it is, we trust, to be a very temporary law; certainly it demands the early passage of a scientific and stable tax act. Its lessening of general taxation is disappointing and its administrative provisions seem as hopelessly complex as were its predecessor's. At the same time, let us not forget the good features of the new law. It delivers the country from the burden of the excess profits, transportation, and certain consumption taxes. It makes the personal income tax more nearly just through increased exemptions.

There is much difference of opinion concerning the Grain Exchange, Packer, and Maternity Acts. Hence the temptation to relegate these Acts to a kind of twilight zone and await developments.

The Grain Exchange Act, while permitting dealings in grain which are supposed to be legitimate and useful in maintaining proper market conditions, penalizes purely speculative operations. For the real effect of this act we may have to wait until after next harvest and note its influence upon the marketing and moving of the crop.

The Packer Act is the result of the struggle of several years. It regulates inter-State and foreign commerce in live stock and its products, establishes accounting systems, prohibits deceptive devices and interdealings by the packer companies. We shall now be better able to judge whether the high retail cost of meat is due to the monopoly exercised by those companies or whether, as is claimed, centralization may not have minimized economic waste.

The Maternity Act has aroused far more interest than have the others and deserves proportionate comment. It has not been realized until recently that most of the deaths of the 23,000 young mothers and the 250,000 babies who die every year in the United States are due to preventable causes, chiefly the mothers' ignorance. The Maternity Act reflects the desire to spread over the whole country the kind of work done by the New York City Bureau of Hygiene. The work of this Bureau has reduced the infant death rate of New York from 144 in every thousand to 72. This reduction measured the Bureau's ability to instruct mothers concerning themselves and their children. To stimulate the States to do this the new act gives $10,000 outright to each State and further extends Federal aid in return for an equal amount of State aid. For a six-year period $1,000,000 is to be annually apportioned among the States in the proportion which their population bears to the population of the whole country. A committee consisting of the Chief of the Children's Bureau, the Surgeon-General, and the Commissioner of Education must approve all hygienic provisions submitted by the various States desiring to secure their share of the appropriations. The bill was passed through the Senate with only 9 in opposition, and through the House with but 39. The great majority felt that, especially at a time when Congress had just authorized very many millions for highways, it might well appropriate a million to conserve our most vital resource—human life.

The emphatically good bills were, first of all, the Budget Act, providing for executive supervision of estimates and appropriations in a far more business-like way than has hitherto been attempted. The Act has already resulted in gratifying clarity and simplicity of statement from the Government to the citizens as well as in gratifying economy to the Government itself. The Budget Act ranks, we believe, with the best laws ever enacted by Congress.

The Farm Credits Act has had a gratifying effect in the agricultural world; it authorizes the War Finance Corporation to loan to the banks a billion dollars for farmers to borrow. This is a time of special stringency for them in their effort to export their products, and the act will have its due influence on individuals and on our export trade alike.

The Good Roads Act provides $15,000,000 to be spent on National Forest roads, and, in co-operation with the States, $75,000,000 for their roads for the fiscal year. At least as large an appropriation is expected for each ensuing year. Three-fifths of the sum allotted to any State is to be spent on inter-State roads and two-fifths on intercounty roads. The act thus registers a new and welcome distinction.

Finally, the Soldiers' Relief Act insures greater efficiency by merging the War Risk Insurance Bureau with the Rehabilitation Division of the Vocational Education Board and so much of the Public Health Service as relates to

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disabled ex-service men. What is more, it establishes stations at various points throughout the country, so that the suffering soldier need not wait weeks and months, as hitherto, for relief. He may apply to the one of the 140 regional offices nearest his home; they are empowered not only to investigate but to act upon cases within a specified territory.

All in all, therefore, taking the bad with the good, the closing of the special session of Congress, we believe, leaves the Nation better off than when that session began.

THE GOBLINS WILL GET YOU

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE ARMAMENT CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

On Pennsylvania Avenue not far from the Treasury Building there is a booth in which are displayed weather charts. Among them is a registering thermometer. As the metallic arm of this thermometer moves up or down it records in a red line on a revolving cylinder the variations of temperature for a week. On what chanced to be the warmest November day on record I saw the arm well up above the dark line that marked the average temperature for this time of year, and behind it its red trail mounting from a point below the average a day or two before to its unprecedented height.

If there could have been prepared a mechanism to record the emotional atmosphere of the Armament Conference here, the red trail on the chart for the past four or five days would be unpleasantly near the bottom.

Beginning rather high, showing an atmosphere of hope at the start, the red trail would have shot sharply upward after Mr. Hughes's opening speech stating the American proposal, then after a slight sag for a day it would have mounted rapidly to a new height to record the gratification at Mr. Balfour's acceptance of the proposal in its main structure. Maintained very nearly at that high level by the interest aroused by the Chinese proposals for a new policy on the part of the Powers toward China, the red trail would have made another ascent as a result of the two events of November 21—the reply of the eight Powers to the Chinese proposals and the effect of M. Briand's speech. Then the trail would have started downward, dropping rather suddenly with the receipt over the cables of Lord Curzon's speech in England on November 24, and remaining throughout the week at an emotional pressure distinctly low.

The more the people generally realize that it is just emotional weather, the truer view they will have of what is happening here. This period of depression was bound to come. I expected it to begin a few days sooner than it did. The rejoicing at the evident success of Mr. Hughes's diplomatic stroke at the beginning was bound to be succeeded by some anxiety while the experts were at work examining the details. That anxiety was forgotten in the raising of the questions about China and in the anticipation of M. Briand's eloquence; but it was sure to reappear; and here it is, reinforced by the words of Britain's Foreign Minister.

This emotional weather, with its periods of high and low pressure, is not primarily within the Conference itself, but constitutes the states of its atmosphere. And that atmosphere is supplied by the newspaper press. Never has the press performed in any other international council the function it is performing here. It is the air which the Conference breathes; it is the medium through which its decisions reach the peoples represented, and—what is quite as important—the decisions of the peoples reach their representatives here. Without the press this Conference would be stifled; without it there would be communications between the delegates but not between the nations. The advantages of such a Conference in the open are obvious; the disadvantage is that it is subject to the states of its own atmosphere, the inclemencies of mental and emotional weather.

There need be no fear that life in the open is going to prove unwholesome for diplomats. Already these diplomats, unaccustomed as they are to the rigors of publicity, are adapting themselves to their new circumstances. Like the young men who went from an indoor life out to the camps and the trenches, and throve, these diplomats seem to find this open-air diplomacy invigorating. Seventeenth Street (unimaginative name) is the principal scene of the Conference. Starting near the Potomac River, it runs past the impressive but ugly State, Army, and Navy Building. On one side is the park; on the other side are four buildings occupying, with their surrounding grounds, each a block of street front. Obliquely opposite the State, Army, and Navy Building is the Corcoran Art Gallery; next is the Red Cross Building; next, the Continental Memorial Hall of the Daughters of the American Revolution; and next, at the foot of the street, the building of the Pan-American Union—the association of nations in North and South America. It is in Continental Memorial Hall that the occasional public sessions of the Conference are held—there have been three so far. It is in the main rooms or halls of the Pan-American Building that the meetings of the delegates are held when they are sitting virtually as Committees of the Whole—the delegations of the five principal associated Powers sitting as a Committee on Armament, and the delegations of all nine Powers sitting as a Committee on the Far East. At the foot of the street is the Jeweled Arch, a temporary structure, beautifully illuminated at night at the opening of the Conference, and still flashing its colors in the sunlight of each bright day. Beyond, and facing B Street, with its wings extending toward the bending river, is the immense low structure of the new Navy Building. I do not know how many hundred yards of corridors in this building are lined with rooms set aside and equipped for the use of the secretaries of the delegations and for the press correspondents. Here regularly the correspondents from various parts of the world not only find facilities for their work, but also meet spokesmen (in many cases delegates themselves) for the principal delegations, to receive information, obtain points of view, and ask questions. It is not only in the open sessions, but here through these conferences with the men of the press of many countries, that the delegates work in the atmosphere of publicity, encounter its gusts, feel perhaps its low pressures, but on the whole seem to find it bracing.

It was in this atmosphere of publicity that the French Premier delivered his eloquent speech of November 21. He knew very well that he was addressing not merely a few delegates but a listening world, and especially France (his own country, whose credentials he had received by a parliamentary vote), America, Great Britain, and Germany. He was helped to visualize this world-wide audience by the audience immediately before him. Within the walls of that comparatively small hall were people from all quarters of the globe. Most of them, it is true, were really—all of them nominally—friendly. Of those not officially entitled to admission, there were probably an unusually large proportion who obtained admission because of their sympathetic interest in France. There were present, however, as M. Briand very well knew, many who were nearly, if not quite, as critical and suspicious of France as if they had been Germans.

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And on each side of the hall he saw the representatives of the press—human amplifiers. He therefore had not only the stimulus of a real though imagined audience, but of an almost completely representative audience before his eyes. To that stimulus he responded with a vibrant voice and with gestures as eloquent as his words. At times his tones were as if he were seeking in music and poetry a means of expression denied to words unaided. At times his outstretched fingers seemed as if they sought to clutch from the air some tangible and visible form for his thought. And yet in substance the idea he conveyed was simple. Moral disarmament must precede effectual physical disarmament. In America people are morally disarmed. In Europe, however, it is different. Neither Russia nor Germany is morally disarmed, and as long as they are not they are a threat to their neighbors on the land. No nation can improvise a navy; but with an army it is different. Every citizen is a potential soldier; every factory is a potential munitions plant. At one time Germany nearly joined Russia, and it was only the support which the French army gave to Poland that prevented the junction. There are people in Germany, especially working people, who are now morally disarmed; and when their spirit spreads to the whole nation there will be security. In the meantime France, in spite of the unsettled situation, is cutting down her army by one-third, and soon the French Government will be authorized by law to reduce further the military service—and that means the size of the conscripted army—by one-half. France has failed to secure from her Allies guaranties of safety, and she has been left to do police work in disturbed regions in Europe. She does not ask for help; but she asks to be allowed to protect herself and to keep the peace without a sense of moral isolation.

It was not M. Briand's speech alone that made that occasion memorable, but the replies that came from Britain and America in the words of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Hughes. They were words which expressed an understanding of the position of France. Mr. Balfour's speech expressed appreciation of this revelation of French anxieties, and emphasized M. Briand's point of the necessity for moral disarmament before physical disarmament by pointing out that America, Britain, France, Italy, and Japan can limit naval armament because they are morally disarmed and no one threatens them by sea, but France has no assurance that either in Germany or Russia moral disarmament has made such progress as to justify immediate material disarmament. And Mr. Balfour, by a rhetorical question that was a most effective kind of affirmation, declared that if France were again in danger from aggression, through lust of domination, Britain would not shrink from further sacrifice in defense of the cause for which she had lost a million dead. And Mr. Hughes, after a tribute to the valor of France in her stand for liberty, declared with words that are worthy to be inscribed on some enduring monument where they may often be read: "There is no moral isolation for the defenders of liberty and justice."

Within two days the signs of an approaching low pressure in the emotional atmosphere became obvious. At first, at least, there was no indication that this area of low pressure had any other than an unofficial origin. In fact, the authoritative words of the nations' representatives gave evidence of a growing mutual understanding, particularly on the part of the British; but the discussion continued in the press. It is unreasonable to expect a nation to move as rapidly as its representatives can. Moreover, with the subsidence of the expectant spirit that prevailed before M. Briand spoke there was a recurrence to the mood of anxiety. The experts were at work quietly on the details of naval armament. There was a dearth of news. That always means an opportunity for rumor and speculation. The politicians had a chance to nurse their second thoughts. Fears of some design on the part of France to gain some imperialistic end were expressed. In particular, British correspondents deplored the fact that just when the nations were in a mood to stop naval competition the voice of France should be raised in defense of her army. The English, like all traders—and they are great traders, pioneers in commerce, and are proud of it—are romantic. Their experience in penetrating all parts of the world and discovering what is exotic and mysterious in strange regions has developed their capacity for romance. And Americans are not far behind the British in this romantic tendency. It is with something of the nervous pleasure that a child reads of the magic of India that some of the debaters in the columns of the press began to conjure up a coming disaster, an impending chaos, if everybody, and particularly the French, did not take care.

The "Gobble-uns 'll git you," was the burden of their song, "ef you don't watch out."

And then came Lord Curzon's so-called "warning to France," spoken at a luncheon on Thanksgiving Day. He told France her security lay not in her arms, but in the conscience of the world. "It is not for Great Britain," he said, "to submit to sacrifices, while others pass them by," and he added, "If we are willing to reduce our naval strength, let not other Powers be allowed to build up other engines or instruments of attack." Whether Lord Curzon was correctly quoted, or whether he had any intention of warning France, I do not know. It does not affect, however, the fact that immediately the atmospheric pressure here went lower.

It may be well, in the meantime, to keep in mind certain facts. Britain, America, and Japan have agreed not to increase their navies—and they are among friends. France, next-door neighbor to a nation that has ravaged her land twice within fifty years and is by no means repentant, has already reduced her army and is proceeding to cut it in half. According to figures obtained from American military authorities, as reported in the "Scientific American" for December, the French army numbers 884,000; the British, 625,000. The French are proceeding to reduce their army materially. Aside from colonial troops, the French army when reduced will, it is estimated, according to a despatch from France, amount to not more than 250,000. Of course the British can give an explanation of the need for an army certainly much larger than that to which France will be reduced; and the explanation will undoubtedly be sound. May it not also be just to greet with something besides warning and foreboding the explanation of France?

Of course this period of depression will pass; the atmosphere will become clearer; there is no evidence that it has lowered the spirits of any delegate.

In the meantime the question of the Far East has been under discussion. China's ten demands—or suggestions, perhaps, they had better be called—evoked from the eight other Powers here assembled the following declaration—a document of historic significance:

> It is the firm intention of the Powers attending this Conference hereinafter mentioned, to wit, the United States of America, Belgium, the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, and Portugal:
>
> (1) To respect the sovereignty, the independence, and the territorial and administrative integrity of China.
>
> (2) To provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity to China to develop and maintain for herself effective and stable government.
>
> (3) To use their influence for the purpose of effectually establishing and maintaining the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations throughout the territory of China.
>
> (4) To refrain from taking advantage of the present conditions in order to seek special rights or privileges which would abridge the rights of the subjects or citizens of friendly States and from countenancing action inimical to the security of such States.

This translates the Hay doctrine of the Open Door, the Root-Takahira agreement, and the Lansing-Ishii agreement into terms of not merely assent but "firm intention," and puts that purpose into a public document signed under conditions of the greatest publicity and made in such a form that for the observance of it each Power is morally responsible to all the others.

At once the matter of applying these general principles to specific cases was undertaken by the delegates. Already progress has been made in the task. It is not an easy undertaking. In certain matters China was glad to enter into treaties to yield up some of her administrative independence. In other matters

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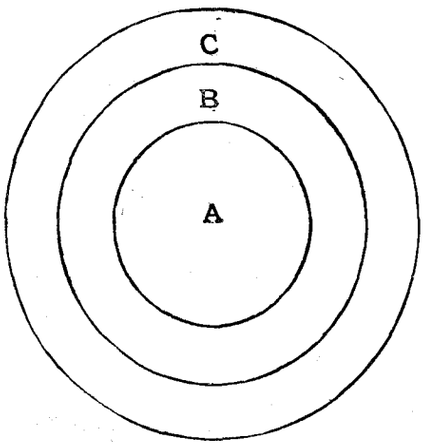
it was in the interest of humanity (for example, in the matter of extorting confession from foreign prisoners by torture) for her to be required to do so. Many of the arrangements which it might be well to terminate are so long established that it is not a simple matter to set them aside without disarranging much that is desirable and right. Under this head may be considered the post offices managed by foreign nations on Chinese territory. There is of course an immense field in which China exercises administrative independence. That the Powers agree not to infringe upon. There is another field in which China has made concessions by treaty. In these matters the Powers agree not to infringe one another's rights. There is a third field in which foreign nations exercise what seem like sovereign rights by common consent but without open treaty. These practices the Powers are examining to discover what they are and how they came about and how they can be ended if they ought to be ended. For example, it is understood that all the Powers are agreed that as soon as practicable all postal arrangements within China should be transferred to the Chinese, who have developed now a good postal system of their own.

The Conference has reached a stage where it is neeessary to study a number of subjects of immense detail (among them the vastly important subjects of poison gas, submarines, and other new instruments of war). The whole spirit of the Conference is characterized by a determination to get at the facts and to reach ultimately wherever a decision is possible an agreement and where a decision is impossible an understanding as to why it is impossible.



A GRAPHIC REPRESENTATION OF CHINA'S RELATION TO THE POWERS

A represents the existing integrity of China, which the Powers have bound themselves to respect.

B represents matters in which China has by her consent given up sovereignty. Here the Powers agree to respect each other equally.

C represents matters not determined by treaty and subject to inquiry and, if need be, correction.

Of course, as the sluggard says, there are lions in the way.

But what the sluggard ignores is the fact that there is a way.

That way is the way of understanding.

There has been renewed lately the talk of an association of nations. If there come out of this Conference other conferences and ultimately something that can be called an association of nations, the product will be natural. There will be no attempt to work out the scheme for an organization and then set it to work to find out what tasks it is fit to do. The tasks are being tackled first, and whatever scheme may come will develop in the doing of the tasks.

The man will not be made to fit the clothes. The clothes will be made to fit the man.

Meanwhile there are no real, live goblins near enough to be identified. It is true, as the sluggard observes, there are lions without. They are in plain sight; but these the delegates are showing every disposition to go out and slay.

Washington, D. C., November 27, 1921.

PREMIER BRIAND'S FAREWELL MESSAGE TO AMERICA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE, EDITOR OF "LE MATIN," PARIS

I SAID to M. Briand:

"The wonderful trip is over. You are going back to France. If you had a message for those you are leaving behind you, what would you say?"

His reply was quick and to the point:

"I would say, in the first place, that those who have not seen Americans in their own country do not know them. Before I came here I thought I knew Americans. I had dealt with their Ambassadors; I had received calls from their great business men; I had seen their soldiers—all of which had given me an impression of America. But when I found myself on United States soil, when I went through its immense cities, above all, when I saw its people—the people of the streets, of meetings—I realized that my first impression was nothing but the merest outline. The mistake that statesmen make is that they see only other statesmen, and do not pay sufficient attention to people. People are everything. They make and unmake history. They write it. Statesmen merely hold the pen—and they do not always hold it well."

"Did you gather the impression," I asked, "that this Washington Conference is a Conference of peoples?"

"Yes, a thousand times yes," replied M. Briand. "It was in the name of the entire American people that Mr. Hughes spoke at Memorial Hall when he brought his remarkable proposal for the limitation of naval armaments. There can be no more doubt about that than there is in the power of the sun's light. And everywhere it was nations who replied, some joyfully, others a little apprehensively, all of them hopefully. May I say that I too spoke in the name of the entire people of France? It was one of the stirring moments of my political career. I too would have liked to do what Mr. Hughes did—get up and say to this assembly gathered together from all corners of the universe: 'France will follow your example. She is ready to scrap her armies as you have scrapped your fleets, to proclaim a holiday for the construction of her cannon as you are proclaiming one for the construction of your battleships.' I know that if I had said this I would have obtained the greatest triumph that could be obtained by a political man, and Memorial Hall would have rung with applause. But I could not say such a thing without disregard for my people and for the truth, and without failing in my duty. All America has to do is to look toward England and Japan. If she comes to an understanding with Japan and England, she is safe. But France has to think of Germany, Russia, the Mohammedans, and all of feverish Europe still in arms. She would give a great deal to be able to lay down her shield and her armor, but she cannot give up her life. And in so doing she would be risking her life."

The French Premier paused a moment, and went on:

"The important thing is not so much to lay down one's sword as to decide not to use it. We in France are resolved never to be the first to draw the sword we are still forced to carry. This is an unalterable decision. Let us work hard to make every people adopt the same resolution. The day they all do, those same swords may be relegated to our museums. Until then we must try to have as light a sword as possible, one that will cost as little as it can. America, in this connection, has almost performed a miracle. She will help us to perform others. For this is the land of miracles. Just as there has been no scientist to suppress death, so there has been no country to suppress war. But America has delayed war in the same way that scientists have delayed death. Once again, America has served humanity well!"

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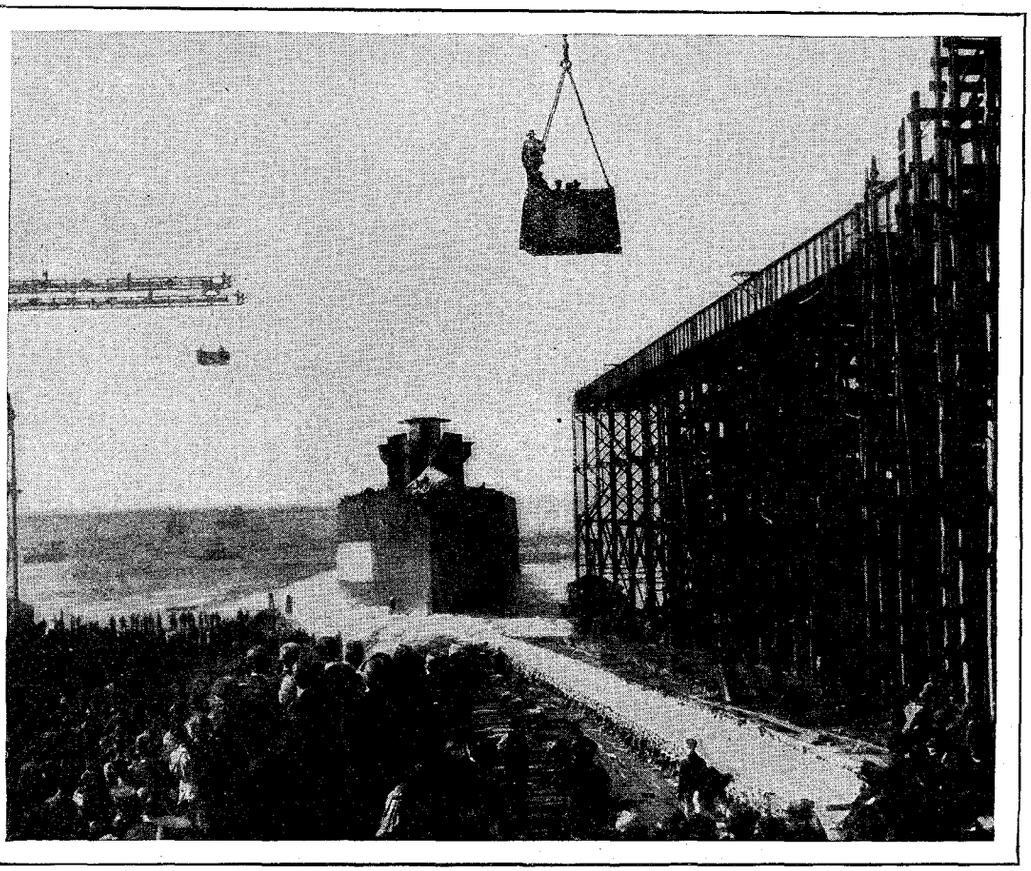
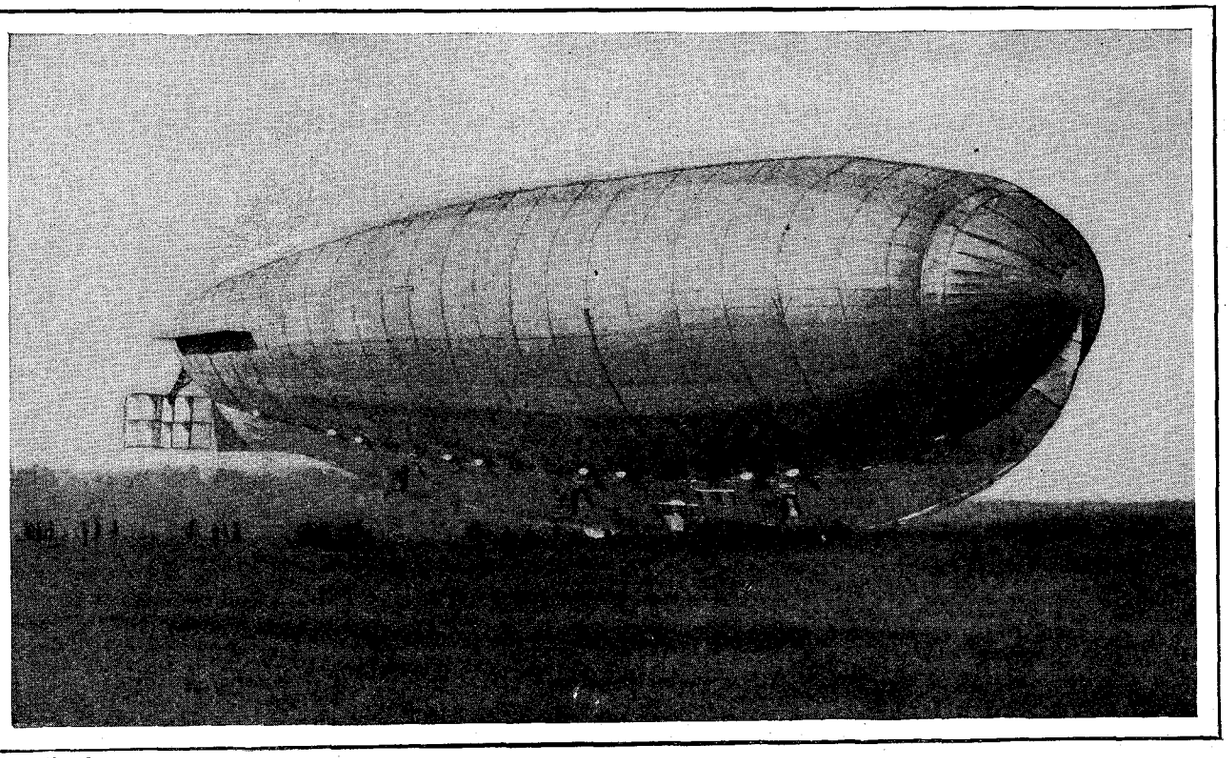
INSTRUMENTS OF WAR



International

THE LAUNCHING OF A GREAT AMERICAN BATTLESHIP THAT NOW FACES THE SCRAP-HEAP

The *super-dreadnought* West Virginia, which is seen gliding down the ways of the Newport News Shipbuilding Works, where she was launched on November 19, is slated for the scrap-heap if the present Arms Conference plans go through



International

TRIAL FLIGHT OF THE DIRIGIBLE "ROMA" AT LANGLEY FIELD, VIRGINIA

The Roma, recently bought from Italy by the United States, is the largest semi-rigid dirigible in the United States at the present time. She carries a crew of eight officers and twenty men

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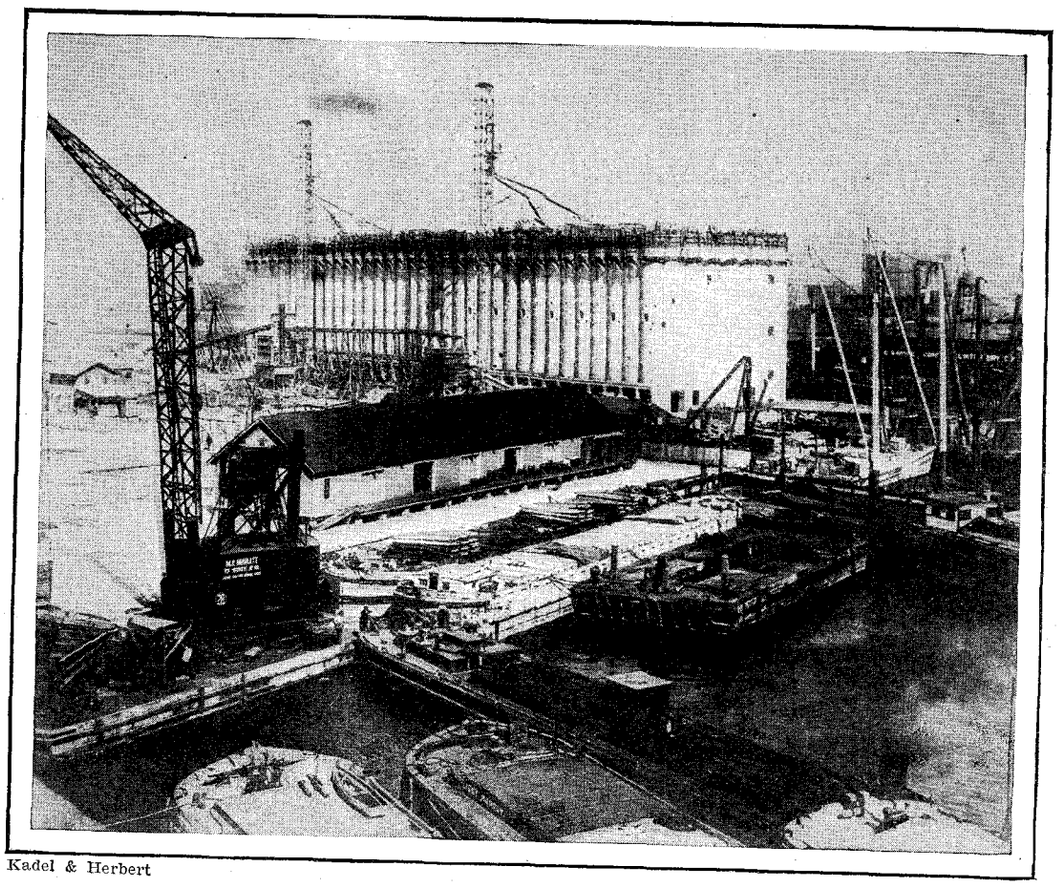
AND OF PEACE

GENERAL DIAZ SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE WITH CHIEF PLENTICOOS, OF THE CROW TRIBE

General Armando Vittorio Diaz, Italy's chief military representative at the burial of our Unknown Soldier, is shown lighting the pipe of peace presented to him by a Crow chief from Montana who visited Washington to pay his respects to the Great Father, President Harding

(C) Underwood



Kadel & Herbert

A GREAT GRAIN ELEVATOR TO BELONG TO THE STATE OF NEW YORK

This elevator, one of the largest in the world, is being erected by the State of New York at Gowanus Bay, in New York Harbor, to handle the enormous shipments of wheat coming via the Barge Canal. This canal is said to be handling more grain shipments than ever before. It is, of course, a competitor of the Canadian canals connecting the Great Lakes with the Atlantic seaboard. This is the first of several similar grain elevators to be built

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IS TRANSPORT BY AIR A SUCCESS?

BY LADISLAS D'ORCY

EDITOR OF "AVIATION AND AIRCRAFT JOURNAL"

IS transport by air a success? This is a question thoughtful Americans are asking with growing frequency. United States mails are daily carried on a seventy-two-hour schedule between New York and San Francisco, thus gaining two days on the fastest transcontinental railway service, and last spring the coast-to-coast mail delivery was actually accomplished in 33½ hours from the time the mail was put on board the airplane in San Francisco to the moment it reached Mineola, Long Island. This experimental extra-rapid mail delivery was achieved as a result of an all-night flight from Cheyenne to Omaha, a distance of some eight hundred miles. It is needless to stress the value of this demonstration; the figures speak for themselves.

But, while the mails are swiftly carried through the air from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the traveler who should wish to take advantage of the Wright brothers' invention for the purpose of cutting down distances will find it impossible to do so in the United States. It is true that he may charter an airplane and fly from New York to San Francisco, following the United States Air Mail route, where he may take advantage of the "ground organization"—air ports, fuel depots, radio stations, emergency fields—provided for the safety of the mail fliers. Outside of this route he will face much greater hazards, as landing-fields are few and far between. And should this traveler inquire into the competency of the pilot and the safety of the airplane, he will discover, to his astonishment, that no official standards govern either.

The airplane in question, if built by a reputable firm, probably left the factory embodying all the safety features known to aeronautical engineering; but its maintenance may have been neglected since it was put in service, although this may not be visible under a new coat of varnish or paint, and the traveler has no means of ascertaining the present condition of the machine. The pilot may be known as a first-rate flier with several thousand hours' experience in the air; still, he may suffer from some organic trouble which, though unimportant in the beginning, might quite unexpectedly assume serious proportions in the air; again the traveler is unable to determine this.

Such a state of affairs seems almost incredible, considering that before a man can drive an automobile he is compelled to pass an examination, and that buildings, bridges, and seacraft are regularly inspected and licensed by the Government or other public authorities. Yet the fact stands that to-day any person can build and fly any kind of aircraft and take up paying passengers without being compelled by the law to show his qualifications for such an enterprise.

Some States of the Union have passed legislation for the regulation of air navigation and some cities have added sundry ordinances to this incomplete legal apparatus; but these laws and rules are seldom, if ever, enforced. Furthermore, it is not desirable that aviation be regulated by State laws, for the possible existence of forty-eight different aerial codes would prove nothing short of a calamity whose chief result would be to stifle the healthy growth of air transport. To visualize what this would mean, suffice it to remember that in the course of a trip from New York to San Francisco at least ten States have to be flown over in a total time not exceeding thirty-six hours. Aircraft move altogether too fast to be regulated individually by States. In Europe, where the areas of the sovereign countries are, as a rule, no larger than that of the different States of the Union, the absolute need of a common aerial code found its expression in the International Convention for the Regulation of Air Navigation elaborated by the Peace Conference, to which all the Allied Powers became signatories. Although the United States signed this Convention, Congress has not so far ratified it, as it is linked up with the League of Nations Covenant, nor has it provided for any National air legislation. A rapid solution of the resulting "aerial lawlessness" may, however, be expected if Congress passes the bill (S. 2448) which Senator Wadsworth, of New York, has introduced in the Senate, and which provides for the creation in the Department of Commerce of a Bureau of Civil Aeronautics and the appointment of a Commissioner of Civil Aeronautics whose jurisdiction would practically extend over all civil air activities in the United States.

This Commissioner would license the operation of civil aircraft after due inspection of their design and construction in the factory, and would, in addition, maintain a periodical inspection service to ascertain the conditions under which the machines are maintained. He would furthermore issue certificates of competency to aviators qualifying for their duties through theoretical and practical examinations, and through a medical visit which also would be periodically renewed. Finally, he would foster the development of civil aeronautics by developing the "ground organization" and enforcing the aerial traffic rules required for safe flying.

How urgent the need of such a Federal agency is may be seen from a report, prepared by the Manufacturers Aircraft Association, on the aviation accidents which occurred in the United States from January 1 to June 30, 1921. There are recorded for this period a total of 58 accidents for an aggregate flight mileage estimated at 3,250,000, and of this total ten accidents caused fourteen fatalities, twenty accidents were responsible for injury to the occupants, while in eighteen instances there were no casualties. This works out as one fatal accident for every 325,000 miles flown, a ratio which compares favorably with official foreign figures if the estimate of the American flight mileage is substantially correct. In Great Britain, for instance, the number of fatal aviation accidents per miles flown in 1920 was one in 195,000 miles; but it is only fair to add that the English weather, with its frequent fogs, is particularly adverse to flying. Considering this circumstance, the showing made is remarkably good, for the total British flight mileage represents some 62,000 separate aerial journeys, in which 106,712 passengers were carried, so that fatalities among the latter were one for every 7,750 flights.

On the other hand, the greatest credit is due to American aircraft constructors and pilots for having made such a safe showing despite the lack of Federal air regulation. Had the latter been in existence, the number of accidents would undoubtedly have been less. This appears clearly from the report of the Manufacturers Aircraft Association, which carefully analyzes the causes of these accidents. Thus it is shown that seventeen accidents were caused by the pilot, either through incompetence, carelessness, or bad judgment, to which number should be added eight due to "stunting." Although "stunting" is a necessary requirement in aerial fighting and it may in unusual cases prove of great help to civilian pilots finding themselves in a tight corner, the practice of indiscriminately "stunting" civil airplanes is indefensible from the viewpoint of safety, and it should therefore be prohibited when the Federal Government shall possess the power of doing so. Canada, Great Britain, and France have come to the same conclusion, and heavy penalties, including the suspension of the pilot's certificate, await the offenders against this ruling.

Lack of proper inspection of the airplane prior to the flight was responsible for eleven accidents, while poor landing-fields or a lack of them caused eight mishaps. The remainder of the accidents are apportioned as to their causes between lack of weather forecasting, lack of route directions, collision, and unknown causes. The following is a recapitulation in tabulated form of the civil aviation accidents which

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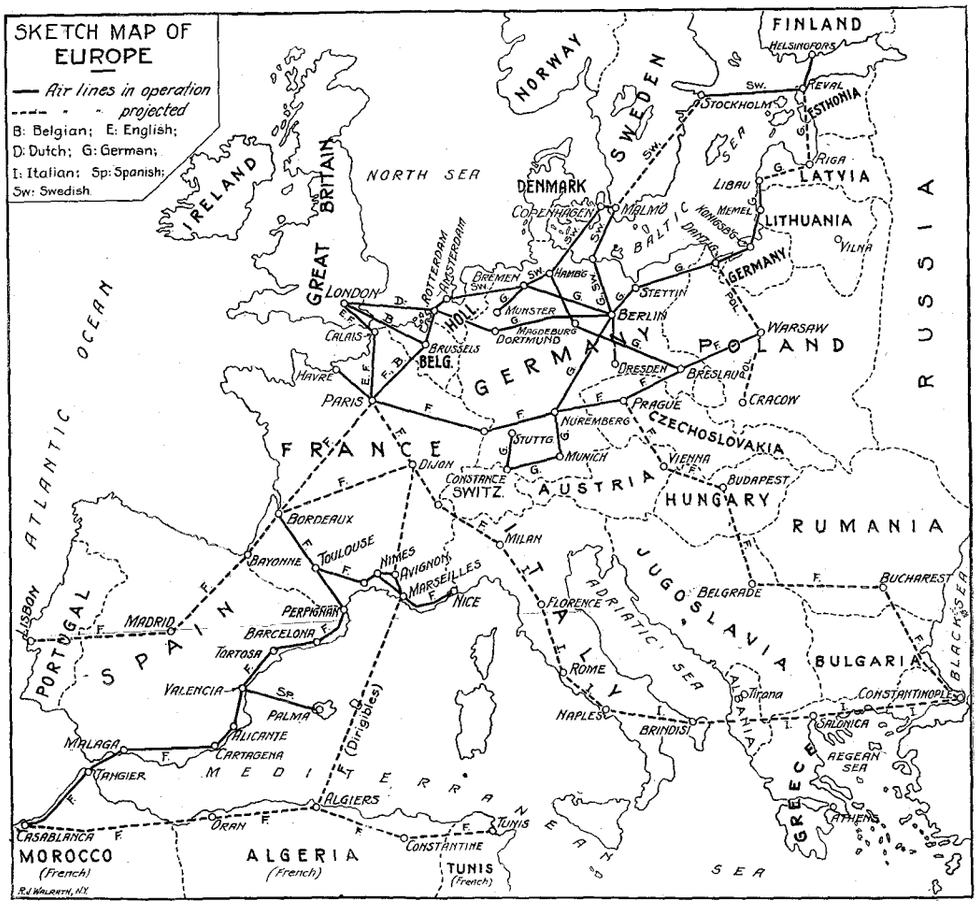

THE GROWING NETWORK OF AIR LINES OVER EUROPE

occurred in the United States from January 1 to June 30, 1921:

Faulty piloting	17
Poor field or its lack	10
Lack of weather data	2
Lack of route data or flying limitations	2
No inspection:	
Faulty craft	3
Faulty engine	6
Faulty accessory	2
"Stunting"	8
Collision	1
Carelessness on field	2
Cause unknown	5
Total number of accidents	58

With reference to the above statistics, it should be noted that, according to the estimate of the Manufacturers Aircraft Association, some 1,200 aircraft are engaged in commercial flying in the United States to-day. But, despite this large number, not a single aerial passenger service operates on a regular schedule in this country, chiefly because of the lack of "ground organization" and the absence of Governmental regulation. The 3,250,000 miles flown by civil aircraft during the first six months of this year are almost entirely the result of what may be called "itinerant flying"—that is, operating in the neighborhood of a given locality from a single field. "Joy riding"—or "beach hopping" in the case of seaplanes—with paying passengers made up the bulk of this business. Intercity flights represent only a small percentage of the total flight mileage.

Therefore, if we wish further to pursue the inquiry whether transport by air is a success, we have to look for information abroad, where regular aerial passenger services are in daily operation. The majority of these air lines are operated by French companies, which are heavily subsidized by their Government. Thus for the fiscal year of 1921 a sum of 20,000,000 francs was earmarked for subsidies alone out of the civil aviation budget of 185,000,000 francs. The remainder of the appropriation is provided for the maintenance of the Government agency which regulates civil flying, for the development of commercial aircraft types, air ports, etc. The subsidy takes the form of a premium paid in proportion to the number of passengers and pounds of freight carried, in addition to which the Government assumes the obligation to pay the company one-half the construction cost of each new commercial airplane that is added to its fleet.

Critics of this subsidy scheme assert that it is too generous and that it will eventually stifle true commercial air enterprise. The answer to this criticism is that the French Government is determined to build up a commercial air fleet which should serve as a reservoir of trained pilots and auxiliary *matériel* in time of war. Now to keep this fleet going on sound business principles a clientele of aerial travelers has to be created first, and to this end the subsidy is large enough to enable the air-transport companies to carry passengers at a rate hardly in excess of that charged by railways or steamships if one considers the time and money saved. This may be gathered from the following table:

Route	Time (hours) Air	Time (hours) Railway & Steamer	Fare (francs) Air	Fare (francs) Railway & Steamer
Paris–London	3	7½	300	181
Paris–Amsterdam	4¼	13	300	122
Paris–Prague	7	12	500	318
Toulouse–Casablanca	31	99	840	670

It is admitted that to-day the operation on schedule of commercial airplanes is not profitable, and that in most cases it even involves financial loss. The reasons for this situation are, first, that the operating companies are still using a large number of converted war airplanes, which are not the most efficient from the commercial view-point; and, second, that, being held to a schedule, the machines often fly with small "pay loads," whereby their earning capacity is naturally reduced. On the other hand, airplanes purely designed for commercial purposes have proved to be much less costly in operation and maintenance than the converted war craft, so that the gradual weeding out of the latter is bound to prove a boon to the operating companies.

As to the public's response to the appeal of air transport, statistics show a very marked growth in the number of aerial travelers as well as in the amount of merchandise shipped by air. This development seems to justify the contention of the French Air Department that

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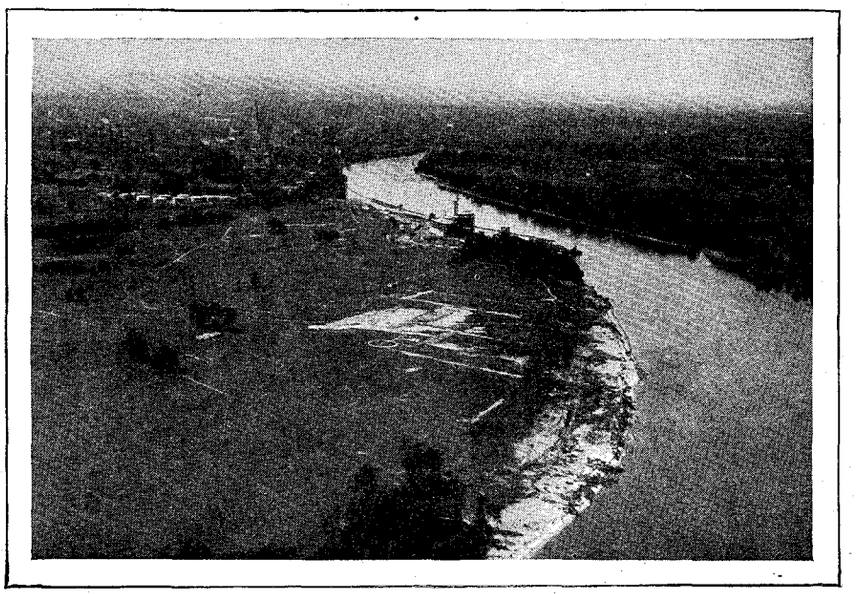

THE MUNICIPAL AIR PORT AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

when the public shall have acquired the habit of traveling by air the flying clientele will have assumed such proportions that the air-transport companies will become self-supporting, and so justify a large reduction in the subsidies.

The following table, which is based on data compiled by the French Air Department, shows to what extent commercial aviation has developed in France since September, 1919, when the Government authorized the resumption of civil flying. The figures for 1921 include only the first four months of operation.

Year	1919 [1]	1920	1921 [2]
Number of flights	1,173	4,428	1,625
Number of passengers	729	5,968	1,884
Pounds of merchandise	30,800	271,100	92,900
Pounds of mail	1,025	13,900	4,655

[1] September 1 to December 31 only.
[2] January 1 to April 30 only.

While the poundage of merchandise carried by airplanes may not seem very impressive in the light of railway or steamship operation, it should be realized that air-borne freight is of a special nature, in which precious articles of small bulk and light weight predominate. During the past year the value of air-borne merchandise imported into and exported from England, mostly clothes and furs, had a total value of £5,000,000. Among the more important shipments there was one of French clothes for women worth £1,500,000, while other merchandise included men's and boys' clothing, watches, electrical appliances, paintings, and motion-picture films. How rapidly this aerial trade is growing may also be seen from the fact that for the last quarter of 1920 the value of British imports and exports carried by aircraft was four times greater than for the corresponding period in 1919.

It is not only the time-saving feature which prompts a growing percentage of the European business world to take advantage of air transport. High speed by itself cannot introduce a new means of rapid locomotion. It must be seconded by reliability and safety. Of the latter we have given exhaustive data in connection with air transport, but a few words remain to be said with respect to reliability.

Abroad the reliability of the air-transport services varies a good deal according to the operating company. On the Paris–London route, for instance, the French services maintain, as a rule, their schedules better than their British competitors, because the former are penalized for every ten minutes defaulted on departure, the penalty being charged against the subsidy. This system works surprisingly well. On the Toulouse–Casablanca route—the only one for which figures are available—the operating company maintained in 1920 a service efficiency of 96 per cent; that is, it defaulted only 4 per cent of the scheduled flights. This is very remarkable if it is considered that this route runs over large stretches of wild country, mainly in Morocco, and that its total length is 1,200 miles.

Facts such as these speak for themselves. They show that the European business world is realizing that it pays to travel by air if one is in a hurry, and that it equally pays to ship by air certain classes of merchandise which lose much of their value by delays in delivery. Hence they cheerfully pay the comparatively high rates which the air lines are forced to charge until an increasing volume of business will warrant their reduction.

A GREAT DAY FOR THE COUNTRY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

BY KATHERINE MAYO

OCTOBER 12, 1921, was a glorious day for the good people of this continent, a black day for those of perverse mind.

On October 12, 1921, the State Police Forces of those States wise enough and lucky enough to possess that modern essential got together with each other and with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, looked into each other's eyes square and shook hands hard.

Canada, Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, New Jersey, Michigan, Massachusetts, West Virginia, Connecticut—these places the canny criminal will avoid. Or, having committed his misdeed in one of the nine, he will at least choose none of the remainder for his asylum.

The manner of it was this: Pennsylvania gave a party. For the first time since its creation, the Pennsylvania State Police Force as a whole gave a Field Day. Each of the five troops composing the organization picked twelve men to defend its honor in feats of horsemanship to be displayed in a single afternoon's tournament. And to that tournament the Governor of the State and the Superintendent of the Department of Pennsylvania State Police bade the Commander of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the Commander of each of our State Forces. Each chief, furthermore, was invited to bring with him nine men in uniform. And all were to be the guests of Pennsylvania.

A wiser, happier, more statesmanlike step has never been taken in the direction of law and order in our domestic history.

Colonel Vandercook, of the Michigan Force, and John J. Hurley, of Connecticut, came unattended. Colonel Arnold, of West Virginia, also arrived alone—because, while not a man of his Force could be spared from duty in his tormented State, he would not have those men without a representative at so significant a gathering. Colonel Foote, of the Massachusetts State Police, came accompanied by his junior officer only, for the reason that Massachusetts's uniformed force, although in active training, has not yet taken the field. But Major Duffas of Canada, Major Chandler of New York, Colonel Baughman of Mary-

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land, and Colonel Schwarzkopf of New Jersey brought each his quota of fine young soldiers of the law, every man of them sharp on his mettle to uphold the pride of his own outfit.

By the morning of the 12th all had assembled in the headquarters hotel in Harrisburg. And there you saw them, each State by itself, each markedly differentiated by its uniform, standing about in separate and distinct groups, stiff, straight, and snappy, each lot looking at each other lot from afar off only, each saying to each other, as clearly as bearing can speak: "We haven't been introduced yet. We don't know quite who you are. We're not too keen about strangers."

Then came the tournament.

They held it on "the Island," a big parade-ground just outside the city. Despite a bitter cold wind, thousands of spectators had gathered there since early morning to secure good seats. At two o'clock arrived William C. Sproul, Governor of Pennsylvania; Colonel John C. Groome, former Superintendent of the Pennsylvania State Police; Major Lynn G. Adams, present Superintendent; and the eight visiting commanders. A dismounted parade of all the visiting contingents, headed by the Canadians and followed by Pennsylvania State Police, opened the show. Then as the visitors fell into place behind the reviewing party, leaving the Pennsylvanians paraded in line, the Governor presented to his own Force a set of colors, Federal and State, these colors henceforth to be held, each year, in the custody of whatever Troop of the Force shall reach the highest average in pistol shooting.

Next came a most moving ceremony: Ten names were read out. Then, at a word of command, ten troopers, stepping forth from the long firm line of iron gray, advanced abreast to the point where the Chief Executive of the State, standing between the newly presented colors of State and Nation, awaited. Captain Paul B. Stout, Private Frank Hershey, Corporal Edward T. Cohee, of "A" Troop; Corporal Metcalf, Corporal L. Trautwein, Private John A. Kline, of "B" Troop; Corporal William A. Banks, of "C" Troop; First Sergeant Thomas Martin, Private Louis B. Goldberg, of "D" Troop; Sergeant Joseph Merrifield, of "E" Troop—those ten men, "for exceptional bravery in the performance of duty," were now to receive citations—to receive a word from the Chief of State, a bit of ribbon to wear.

In all the sixteen years of the Force's history no such thing had ever occurred—no public honor had ever been conferred by the State on these most devoted and most gallant of her servants. Now, out of a body of hundreds of men, almost every one of whom might well be said to have won the distinction, it had been necessary to pick the few.

So their commander, with great difficulty, had chosen—chosen ten men, each one of whom had richly won citation many times over. And as each in turn stood alone before the Governor to receive his bit of decoration and to hear the "well done," not the utmost rigor of bearing could altogether mask the emotional tension which that supreme moment produced.

"I'll bet every last man of 'em could easier face machine guns than go through this," said one understanding commander of the visiting party—and his bet was safe.

Then came the tournament itself. With all their guests comfortably seated under shelter from the wind, the Pennsylvanians began their entertainment. After an introductory mounted drill came exhibitions—motor-cycle riding and jumping, mounted wrestling, mounted baton drill, cross stirrup riding and racing, mounted gymkana racing, mounted tug-of-war, mounted rescue racing, mounted mêlée, bare-back riding, two and three horse Roman racing, mounted pyramids, and so on through the list of equestrian spectacles. The whole performance was beyond all criticism—superb. As one of the visiting officers observed, it would have been a credit not only to any police organization, but to any mounted organization in the world. And as the guests of the day looked on admiration stirred and grew, till at the end they were ripe and ready to overflow with vigorous praise of their hosts and entertainers.

That night the Commander of the Pennsylvania State Police Force gave a dinner to the Governor of Pennsylvania and to all the officers and men of the visiting Forces. All the officers of the Pennsylvania Force and all troopers who had participated in the tournament were also of the party that sat down at table.

Coming as it did just on top of the enthusiasm of the afternoon, that dinner finished the ice-breaking. By the time it was over not one chilly block, not one sharp sliver, remained. All the men of all the Forces were brothers, comrades, co-workers henceforth for all time to come. "When Captain Robinson, 'A' Troop, New York, wants to get lines out to the South," said one of the Pennsylvania captains next morning, rejoicing, "he won't just call up his sub-station at Binghamton any more. He'll call up his outposts a little farther outlying—he'll call up 'B' Troop and 'C' Troop, Pennsylvania State Police at Wyoming and at Pottsville. He'll tell *us* what he wants done."

"And from now on," said Captain Wilson C. Price, D.S.M., Chief of Criminal Identification and Information of the Pennsylvania Force, I'll 'phone the New York Force when we need 'em, like a part of our own organization. And when, for instance, I speak to Captain McGrath, at Oneida, I won't just be talking to a strange voice and a piece of empty air—I'll be seeing Steve's eyes beyond the receiver rim and knowing he'll tackle the job in style—*because I know Steve*."

"Major Chandler is the real thing," exclaimed a noted Pennsylvanian. "We're proud of him and of New York."

"Major Adams is a fine officer," said Major Chandler, "and this has been a most valuable occasion."

"Our family baby has a smart and able commander in Schwarzkopf. We expect great things of Jersey," said the seniors. "And Maryland, too, is going strong."

Then all united in praise of Canada. The quiet dignity, the unassuming bearing, the simple, ready friendliness of the Royal Canadian Mounted literally made a conquest of all the brotherhood, and the ovation that Major Duffas received when he rose to answer to his toast at the dinner was simply the fruit, already ripe, of his own good planting.

But the great ovation of the evening was for Colonel John C. Groome, founder of the Pennsylvania Force, and for so long its Commander. "It was Colonel Groome," the official calendar of the day had read, "who [in the beginning] selected the men, designed the uniform, chose the equipment, planned our organization and instructions. He is responsible for our high ideals. He piloted the Force through the most trying period that will probably ever come in its history." And now, after fourteen years of service, this brilliant officer had resigned the reins into the able hands of his senior field captain. But the Force will love and honor John C. Groome always. Always his name will live in the land, as the giver of a great gift to the Nation. And so, as he stood silent, standing in answer to the toastmaster's call, the room rang and rang again with cheers that would not be done, the cheers of men whose hearts were full to overflowing with loyal affection and gratitude.

But it remained for the West Virginia Commander, Colonel Jackson Arnold, to strike a chord of sudden sympathy. West Virginia, all the world knows, has been torn to bits with a disastrous strike situation. Now, strikes have been common enough in Pennsylvania and in New York, but in either State the State Police, single-handed, have handled matters so that order has prevailed and destruction and bloodshed been prevented. West Virginia also has a State Police. But West Virginia's strike, we are told, was a murderous riot, a bloody orgy, dragged out interminably. And Federal troops provided the only defense for law and order.

"West Virginia's State Police is a mockery," some have said, in consequence. "Too bad they were given the name, only to mar it."

Those who have made that not unnatural stricture should have heard Colonel Jackson Arnold when his turn came to speak at the dinner at Harrisburg. Alone of all the visiting commanders, Colonel Arnold had paraded with the troopers in the opening event of that afternoon's tournament, marching by himself, in his uniform, the lone representative of his organization. It was a fine thing to do. And now he so

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Photograph by Harpel, Lebanon, Pa.

THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA DECORATING THE TROOPERS OF THE STATE POLICE FOR EXCEPTIONAL BRAVERY IN THE PERFORMANCE OF DUTY

spoke that all of those who heard him were touched with kindness.

"I know what you all have heard of my Force," he said in effect, "I am not here to excuse myself or it, nor to apologize for anything or any one. But I would like to make a statement. It is this: Almost on the day we got our uniforms we were ordered out on riot duty. We have been on riot duty ever since. Two of my men have been murdered. Twelve lie in the hospital to-day seriously wounded—most of them shot in the back. We never had the shadow of a chance at training or at learning our work in any way. Practically all of my men had to take the field the moment they signed up. If any of you here would like to come out and see for yourselves what we are up against, we will welcome you warmly. We'll mount you and take you out. I can promise some pretty scenery and some lively adventure. And after two days, if you are still alive, you will know what happened to the West Virginia State Police Force. That's all I have to say. I thank you for the chance to say it."

Well, the concrete outcome of it all was twofold. First, a cordial invitation, cordially accepted, from the Commander of the Pennsylvania Force to all the other commanders, to revisit Pennsylvania next year, again as Pennsylvania's guests for a Field Day. Only, for next year the Royal Canadians and all the State Forces are invited to enter every competition.

And right here should be interjected and underscored the assurance that no one who loves horsemanship or skill at arms can afford to miss the super-show that that beauteous rivalry must produce.

The second outcome of the dinner was this: The formation of an Association of State Police Chiefs, in which Canada alacritously joined, to hold periodic meetings for the exchange of ideas, for co-operation, and for the advancement of a noble profession along every possible line of efficiency and mutual understanding.

The thing is real. The thing is started. The thing is a long way advanced on its road. State barriers, for all purposes of mutual protective service, are wiped out. The men who daily, hourly, watch over the people's safety—the safety of the rich and the poor alike, of the humblest, the most remote, the most helpless, with unsleeping care—these men will now work all together, strengthening each other's hands, widening each other's counsels and planting high and higher the standard of ideal and of achievement, in a glorious brotherly rivalry till the whole Nation feels a thrill of pride and confidence at their name.

It was a glorious day indeed, that 12th of October by the Susquehanna, in the sun and the wind. And yet, something happened that the sun did not see nor the wind bear the news of—something secret that was beautiful too.

About two weeks before, up in the hills of Juniata County, a certain village constable, Ulsh by name, had been called to make an arrest among a band of outlaws—bad men of the hills with a bad black record. The tale of what followed—a lurid tale—is too long to tell here. Reduced to a skeleton it is this: Constable Ulsh, fearing the hazard in attempting his task alone, asked aid from a State Police officer, Private Earl C. Wilson. The two traced the outlaws into their lair. In the fight that followed Wilson, after being three times shot through the body, was still continuing an effective fire when the Constable dropped

Seeing that the wounded man could not drag himself out of range, Wilson, exposing himself thereby to point-blank fire, ran over to Ulsh, picked him up, and had carried him out of the building and some hundred yards away before he himself, having deposited his helpless comrade in shelter, fell exhausted from loss of blood. When aid arrived, it was found that Ulsh was dead; had been dead—a dead-weight—when first he lay in Wilson's arms. And that aside from his two other serious body wounds, Private Wilson's left lung was shot into shreds—had been so when he made his dash to save Ulsh's life.

Wilson was among those chosen for citation at the Field Day Parade. On the morning of the 11th, Governor Sproul, reading over the roll of the men to be decorated, saw Wilson's name.

"But surely this one can't appear," said he.

"No, poor chap," replied Major Adams. "Hard luck. No glory for him. He's lying out in the State Hospital threatened with double pneumonia in what is left of his lungs, besides the rest of his damages. We—*hope* he'll pull through."

"Now, *that* man," said the real man who governs Pennsylvania like a man, "is going to get his citation if he lives another hour. In the name of Heaven, why didn't you tell me about him before? Quick, there! Call my car!"

As the Governor of Pennsylvania approached the cot on which Wilson lay, the lad, half killed as he was—half-dead—opened his eyes.

For a moment he stared, slowly recollecting, slowly, incredulously making sure of that strong, fine, kindly face, now so full of some deep feeling, the face that, back there in the dim world of men, he had—yes—he had known—known and most loyally respected from afar off.

Then, as certainty dawned, a panic of dismay seized him. The Governor—the Governor himself—the Governor of the State—standing by his cot holding his hand—and he flat there on his back! Oh 'shun!—*'shun!*

But no limb would answer. He could not stir.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he stammered as his right hand tried to salute. "I—I—"

But the Governor understood. "Lie still, Private Wilson," said he, and then added such words as one brave man may speak to another who has "stepped into the valley of death to enforce our laws and protect our citizens."

"I congratulate the Commonwealth upon having such men—I think yours was one of the bravest deeds ever done—" then, with a touch on that poor right hand still wavering at salute, with his broken phrase left hanging unfinished, the Governor somehow had to turn away hastily and hurry out of the room.

Looking backward as he followed, Major Adams saw through dimmed eyes a ghost-faced boy smiling weakly while, like one in a rapturous dream, he stared and plucked at a tiny bit of ribbon lying on the sheet.

Bedford Hills, New York.

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WHY THE WHO'S ARE WHO

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

THE more a man knows, if he knows it usably, the better chance he has in life; but the man who knows a little and who knows how to use what he does know has a better chance than the man who knows much and does not know how to make use of it. A man has only two legs and a mule has four, but you seldom see a mule driving a man.

In the rear pages of the unabridged dictionary there is a page showing how to use proof-readers' marks. When I secured a job as assistant editor, I cut out that page and put it in my pocket, and I read printers' proofs on four magazines for eight years and no one ever knew that I had not been a proof-reader from my cradle days. I was not a graduate proof-reader, but I did know where the marks were pictured in the dictionary, and I knew how to make use of that knowledge.

Nothing a man learns is valueless, unless he does not know how to use it. When I was in school, and for long thereafter, I considered the Rule of Three—proportion—the most useless and asinine thing a lot of fool schoolteachers ever tried to pound into a boy's head, but every working day for seven years, while editing magazines, I used the Rule of Three in cutting odd-sized photographs to make them fit unalterable columns and pages.

A member of the Chicago Press Club once told me that George Ade—then master of the brightest column of a Chicago paper—used to pick up the city directory at the club and turn the pages, saying, "Painters—what do I know about painters? Physicians—what do I know about physicians?" until some fact he knew about painters or physicians or plumbers leaped from his brain to become four "sticks" of brilliancy. Ade ended one of his little gems with the leader of a street band saying, "And now we will play No. 8 in the black book"—a scrap of Ade's education in street bands; and something like half a million readers exclaimed, with gurgles of glee: "They do have black books, don't they?" Ade never forgets anything he has learned, and he never forgets when and how to use it. Show him just once how to use a monkey-wrench, and I'll warrant he will never use it to brush his hair. If he does, he will make a good job of it, considering the quality and quantity of hair and the inflexibility of the monkey-wrench.

When I was a boy, I had a series of most lovable and interesting teachers, but, while I have a vague belief that seven times nine is fifty-four, I can be argued into a belief that it is sixty-four by any one who has a serious mien and a lead pencil. I was always the permanent foot of my class in spelling, grammar, and penmanship, a state of affairs possibly not most desirable for one destined for a life of authorship. In the last thirty years I do not think I have misspelled "cat" more than once or twice, and I always feel fairly safe in using "mat," "rat," and "hat," but it is rather annoying when you want to say a heroine's head is a mass of fuzzy hair not to know whether the word you would like to use is spelled "aurryole" or "orryole" or "oriole." A heroine might object if I said "her hair formed an oriole around her head." So I always write "halo" instead. I know a halo is worn on the head and not on the feet.

Education is much better conducted now than when I was young, I have no doubt, and our students leave school less doubtful regarding the things they have been taught. The capitals of the States, for example. Almost any day you can hear one student saying to another, "Chicago ain't either the capital of Illinois; Springfield is," and the answer, "That's right; but Chicago would of been if Springfield hadn't of been." A little girl in Billings, Montana, came home with a "memory gem" she had learned at school.

"I learned a new memory gem at school to-day," she proudly told her mother.

"What was it?" her mother asked.

"Why, it was 'Susan Adams forgets Susan Adams,'" the dear little child replied.

"But that does not mean anything," her mother objected; "it could not be that."

"Yes, it was, mamma; 'Susan Adams forgets Susan Adams.' That was it."

So the mother asked the teacher. It was not "Susan Adams forgets Susan Adams;" it was "Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm." Still, I suppose that if a child learned "Susan Adams forgets Susan Adams" thoroughly enough, and considered it a noble and uplifting sentiment, it would indeed help her to grow up into a better and finer woman. There is a certain lesson in self-effacement in the idea of Susan Adams forgetting Susan Adams that should teach us to be meek, and the meek "inherit the earth."

In this practical world men are apt to say, "I don't give a hang what your education was; do you know what you know?" Personally I don't care whether Jane has a graduation certificate from the Elite Cooking Academy or not; I want to know if she can cook. The gold seal on the business college diploma does not help much if a stenographer cannot read her own notes.

Our modern school system is like throwing a handful of confetti in the air and hoping some of it will fall on the heads of the scholars, while a fairly strong wind of inattention, carelessness, and young-folk interests is blowing all the while. The surprising thing is that so much of the confetti lands and sticks. Thanks to the teachers for that.

Every man is born, matures, lives a while and dies, but so does the tadpole, and the tadpole, in its life career, changes into a frog, which is more than some men do. The tadpole gets along pretty well, too—is more efficient in the job of living than some men are. It does not know much, but it knows how to use what it does know. It knows how to make use of every bit of knowledge with which it is endowed.

Man ranks higher than the tadpole because man knows more—can learn more—but this does not do the man any good if he has not been taught how to use what he knows. I figure that there are over seven million little drawers hanging at the left sides of sewing-machines, all chock-full of tuckers and hemmers and things, most exquisitely beautiful to the eye, but never used because mother has not the know-how to use them. And about three feet above an equal number of office stools there are an equal number of rapidly balding heads chock-full of expensively acquired education that is equally useless and for the same reason.

The world is full of successful men who are successful because they have the know-how to use what they know. We all have feet, but Charlie Chaplin knew how to use the fact that one foot can be pointed east while the other points due west; and in China and Timbuctoo little Chinese and Timbuctootles are to-day picking up little crook-handled canes and waddling like little penguins while their elders hold their sides and laugh, and Charlie Chaplin's portrait is as familiar as George Washington's the world over.

I have read that Charlie Chaplin entered the motion-picture career at a Vanderbilt cup race by crossing the track in front of an oncoming racing car in a comical manner, intentionally but without having been asked to do so. Every barnyard chicken knows how to cross the road in front of an automobile in a comical manner, but it does not know how to make fame and fortune by it.

For all I am aware, Charlie Chaplin may know Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, conic sections, trigonometry, and all the things that come with a college education; but he knew something more valuable than all that—he knew how to make use of something he knew.

A college education, or any other education, is valueless unless its owner knows how to use it. We are not helped by what we know, but by what we know how to use. "Who's Who" is not filled with college graduates; it is filled with men and women who know how.

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THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE AND THE MOLIÈRE TERCENTENARY

BY PHILIP CARR

DIRECTOR OF THE LITTLE THEATRE IN PARIS

J. B. Poquelin Molière, f.

THE "House of Molière" will celebrate on January 15 next the three hundredth anniversary of the baptism of the man whom the members piously regard as their founder. The exact date of Molière's birth is not known, but it is not of first importance, for the principal thing in such anniversary celebrations is not the choice of a precise date but the unanimity of the spirit of homage. Indeed, Molière was not his real name, though it is the name that he has made immortal. He was Jean Baptiste Poquelin, son of a worthy tradesman, the *valet tapissier de chambre du roi*, and he took the name of Molière when he became an actor. Nor was he in a titular sense the founder of the Comédie-Française. His company of players furnished a great part of the talent in that fusion of two theaters and suppression of a third whereby Louis XIV established his *comédiens du roi* as the only playhouse to be allowed to exist in Paris, and gave it an annual subvention of 1,200 livres. But the dates "1680–1921," which the Comédie-Française to-day proudly places at the head of its writing-paper, show its foundation to belong to a year which was seven years after Molière's death, when his company was living only on his memory and on his plays.

And yet Molière is not only the spiritual founder of the Comédie-Française. He is much more. He is at once the type, the originator, and the inspiration of all those great qualities in the French drama and in French acting which have made them famous the world over. The greatest artistic quality of the French actor is to-day, as it has always been, that he can play farce with a delicacy, a lightness, a quickness, and yet a precision of touch which makes it seem to be, not farce, but comedy. The French have produced great tragic actors, indeed, and noble tragic authors, but it is in their comic subtlety that they stand alone. And no dramatist represents so well, not only its refinement, but also its breadth, as does Molière. No plays so well as his fit in with Pinero's definition of a comedy as "a farce by a dead author." For many of Molière's most famous comedies are farces, deliciously perfect. They also have that champagne sparkle of appearing to be, what indeed many of them were, brilliantly intelligent improvisations, which only gradually crystallized into written form. The scornful jealousy of the academic playwright and actor barked at the heels of Molière in his success, just as it barks to-day at the heels of Bernard Shaw and Sacha Guitry, both of whom have been compared to him. His language was barbarous, his situations were merely farcical, whatever merits his plays possessed were plagiarisms, they courted popularity by scurrilous personal caricature, they were saved only by brilliant acting (the chief actor being Molière himself). But the plays are alive to-day, while their detractors are forgotten.

If Molière is the begetter and the supreme expression of French comedy, he is also in a very real sense the begetter of the Comédie-Française—remember that in French a *comédien* means an actor in general, not merely a comic actor. His plays, interpreted according to the traditions which he himself had left with his company, were the mainstay of the House at its foundation, and to-day, interpreted according to the same traditions, they remain its chief asset, not only artistically but even as a source of revenue. The constitution and interior economy of the company are also a direct legacy from the happy, friendly relations of Molière with his fellow-artists, where he was hardly a manager, but rather a first among equals, taking only his share in the profits of the concern. To this day the company is self-governing and profit-sharing, although it draws a subsidy from the state. The office of *administrateur-général* has existed only since 1850, and its powers are very limited. The real masters are the general body of *sociétaires*. Napoleon's famous Decree of Moscow, signed in the midst of the almost theatrical tragedy of the Russian expedition, consolidated

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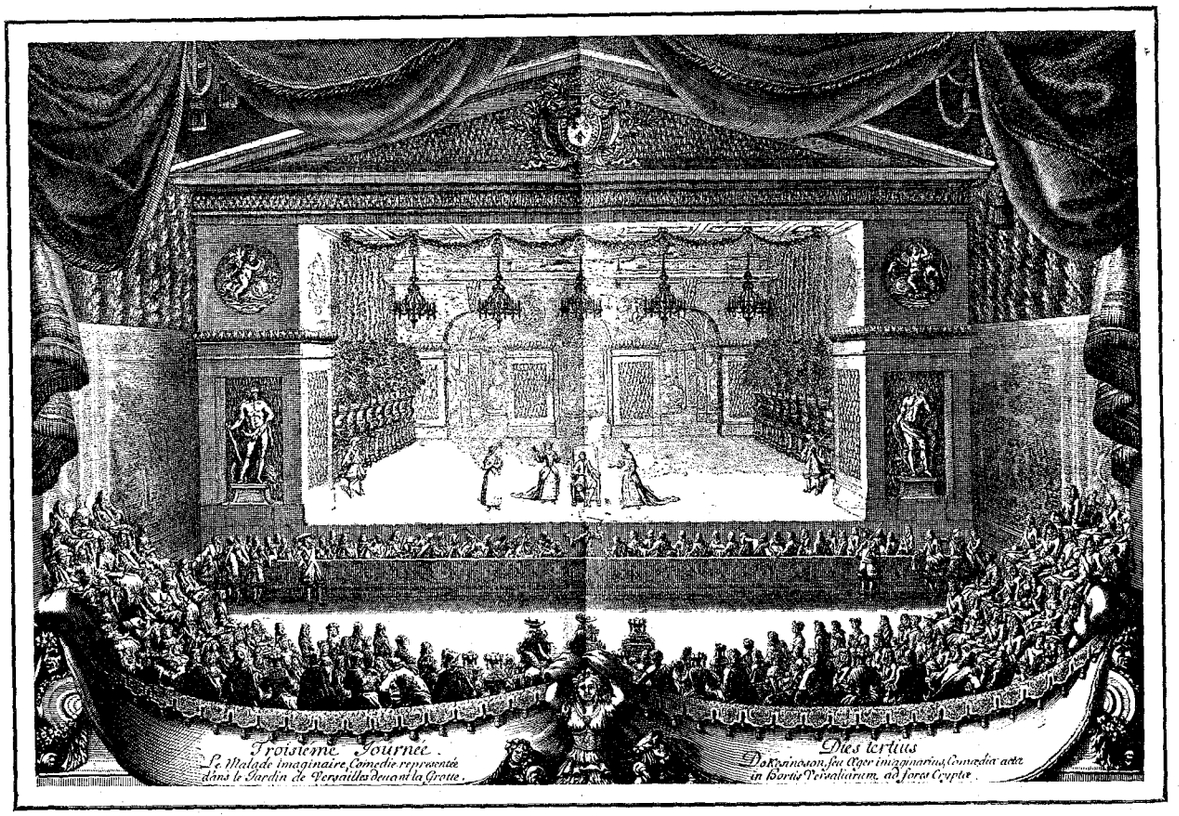
Troisieme Journee
Le Malade imaginaire Comedie representée
dans le Jardin de Versailles devant la Grotte
Dies tertius
Dorippinosan seu Ager imaginarius Comoedia actæ
in hortis Versaliarum, ad fora Cryptæ

AN OLD PRINT (MADE IN 1676) WHICH SHOWS THE PRESENTATION OF MOLIÈRE'S "LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE" BEFORE THE GROTTO IN THE GARDEN AT VERSAILLES

the traditions of the theater, and almost unchanged it governs the working of the company to-day. But it did no more than codify. The spirit of the whole thing, the comradeship and happy family of artists, is what Molière put there; and it is when officialdom and petty material ambition cause that spirit to be forgotten for a time that the Comédie-Française has its occasional periods of misfortune.

M. Émile Fabre, the present Administrateur-Général, a dramatist and man of letters, like most of his predecessors, has given me some particulars of the lines which next January's festival will take. During the whole month there will be an exhibition of Molière relics, documents, and engravings. This will be held in the new rooms in the Palais Royal, which the Government has recently allotted to the Théâtre-Français to house the Rondel collection of theatrical books and curiosities, recently bequeathed to it. At the same time it is hoped to hold a commemorative conference at the Sorbonne, when the University of Paris will pay its tribute, and there will be addresses by famous writers of other countries, among whom the names of Kipling, Maeterlinck, Ferrero, and d'Annunzio are mentioned—without any promise that they will appear.

The great tribute, however, will of course be on the stage of the theater. In the course of the month it will be possible to see at the Théâtre-Français no less than twenty-six of Molière's plays. Some of these plays have, it need hardly be said, for long formed part of the current repertory, and are constantly performed on those days of the week which are devoted to the classics. Twelve of them, however, have not been in the bill for a long time. "Les Fâcheux" has not been done for thirty, "L'Impromptu de Versailles" for nearly forty, and "La Princesse d'Élide" for close on two hundred years.

The task of mounting and rehearsing these revivals and of revising the production of those plays already constantly acted has been intrusted to the veteran Sociétaire, M. Georges Berr, and only one play of the twenty-six—"La Princesse d'Élide—now remains to be added to the repertory. For the last two years the Comédie-Française has devoted much of its energy and most of its financial resources to the preparation of this great programme, which may account for the fact that it has recently produced few new modern plays, although the extraordinary dearth of good work by modern dramatists may have something to do with that also. It may well be imagined that the task demands a special effort, not only in acting, but in scenic and musical illustration, especially when it is remembered that not a few of the master's lighter pieces were *comédie-ballets*, with much of the elaborate spectacular character of the Elizabethan masque, and were designed for the princely setting and lavish decoration of the royal fêtes in the gardens of Versailles, where they were originally produced. Fully to recreate this picture is impossible. In the first place, it was obtained by placing a proscenium in the gardens themselves and using the fairy-like vistas of the real avenues as the background which the audience saw through the opening. In the second place, much of the effect, as in the English masques, depended on the gorgeously costumed audience, or part of it, actually taking part in the dances which helped to compose the entertainment. Again, the spectacular devices of stage mechanism, once more similar to the Jacobean masques, were of the most elaborate character. For example, "Les Fâcheux" began with twenty fountains of real water playing upon a shell, which opened and revealed a naïad. Even approximately to revive such an atmosphere calls upon the finest artistic taste and knowledge, and needs money also; and, although it is of course not inseparable from the genius of Molière, these spectacular plays can hardly be put upon the stage without it. M. Berr can be congratulated not only on the skill but also on the discretion with which he has met these difficulties.

The twenty-six plays which will thus be in the bill represent virtually the whole of Molière's production. Only five of his works will not be represented, and these five are unimportant. They are "Don Garcie de Navarre," a tragedy which was a failure at its original production, and scenes from which were

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afterwards incorporated in the "Misanthrope;" the opera of "Psyche," written in collaboration with Corneille; the "Pastorale Comique," of which only fragments remain; and "Les Amants Magnifiques" and "Melicerte," which are without great interest.

M. Fabre proudly claims that no theater in the world would be capable of staging such a repertory, and he quotes the fact, mortifying to an Englishman, that no single play of Shakespeare or Sheridan can be seen in London to-day, if you do not count the praiseworthy but modest efforts of the "Old Vic," in the Waterloo Road.

The repertory, as I have said, is nearly complete. Among the recent additions have been "Le Sicilien" and "Sganarelle, ou le Cocu Imaginaire," and the latest, produced the other day, was "Les Fâcheux." "Les Fâcheux"—the sense of the word being "importunate, annoying, boring," rather than "angry"—is a collection of comic sketches rather than a play. It is said to have been written in a fortnight, and one scene—that of the sportsman and his interminable story—Molière himself, in his Introduction to the play, acknowledged, with a good courtier's deference, as due to a suggestion from the King, although we can imagine the difference between Louis's version of the story and Molière's. It was first produced at a fête at which the magnificent Fouquet entertained his royal master; and the company was never paid, no doubt because Fouquet was himself arrested and put into the Bastille only a few days later. It was afterwards given in Paris, with very great success. It was played for forty-four consecutive performances, which was a record at the time, and no doubt contributed largely to making its year the most financially prosperous which the company ever had. Its success perhaps influenced Molière in a domestic matter, for it was in the middle of its "run," in February, 1662, that he married Armande Béjard. The scenery for the original production was painted by Lebrun, who only a month before had been appointed *premier peintre* to the King. He became director of and purchaser for the royal collection, and his decorative paintings are still to be seen in the ceiling of the Grande Galerie and elsewhere in the Louvre. He also persuaded Louis XIV to found the French art school at Rome, which the winners of the Prix de Rome attend to this day.

The great success of "Les Fâcheux" at the time of its production has never been repeated since. The types which Molière chose for his ridicule were peculiar to the Paris of the moment, and perhaps the play was too quickly written to allow him to make his figures universal, although he has achieved immortality for other work as rapidly composed. At the same time, it forms an integral part of his life-work, and it fitly adds the last stone but one to the monumental tribute which the Comédie-Française are erecting in his honor.

Paris, France.

BUTTERNUT ETHICS

BY MARGARET RAYMOND

OUR town went butternut-mad last fall. (We are too far north for chestnuts, and hickories are too small and hard to shake off to be a popular harvest; so nutting with us usually means butternutting.) The reason for our excitement was partly the bumper crop of this year. Every tree—trig little roadside sapling and scraggly, towering giant of the hillside—was loaded with nuts. The first frost literally covered the ground beneath them with the big sticky green lumps of lusciousness.

Harvesting the crop, in these days of universal motoring, was only too easy. Young Dr. Stark went off one afternoon and got seven bushels. The Baptist minister boasted of having picked up nearly four—I think he mentioned manna in his account of the exploit. Then somebody announced that butternuts were going to sell at two dollars a bushel, in spite of their being so plentiful. This profiteering figure gave a fillip to an always pleasurable adventure, and sent us all briskly afield with bags and baskets. I, to whom butternutting had long been an annual delight, was amused to find my hitherto disregarded sport suddenly become fashionable.

Now our town lies in the midst of a well-settled bit of New England hill country. Every butternut tree has an owner, and, profiteering aside, butternuts are certainly marketable merchandise. These facts did not deter anybody from collecting manna—unless the farmer came along and put intruders out of his field.

I do not claim—now that I have gone to the bottom of the subject—to have been a more moral nutter than my townsfolk; I was only a bit more afraid than most of them of angry farmers. Therefore I have always sought my plunder in some remote patch of woodland, where I could delude myself into thinking that only the squirrels would gather the nuts if I didn't, and where the farmer was very unlikely to find me engaged in robbing the squirrels. But this year, with my squirrel instinct for winter storage stimulated by war-saving habits and high prices, not to mention the example of the ministry and the contagious excitement of my neighbors, I wanted more nuts than usual, and when I met the rest of the town engaged in robbing roadside trees I joined them, at first cautiously, then with more abandon. But, as it happened, I never was caught until, very late in the butternut season, Mrs. Williston-Smith took me out in her $12,000 limousine to gather barberries.

Mrs. Williston-Smith is old and fat and very, very rich. Her pudgy fingers sparkle with diamonds. Her car is the most expensive one in town; she bought it as such. A childless widow, she lives alone in a big old-fashioned house on a corner. There is a fence around her yard, and she often says she wishes it were a ten-foot brick wall. The schoolchildren bother her fearfully, tracking across her lawn to cut the corner. They deface her white fence with crayon and pencil scrawlings. Also they steal her plums and her grapes.

With all her money and lazy, luxurious habits, Mrs. Williston-Smith loves as well as I do—and that is saying a good deal—to go foraging for wild crops. I don't believe that parsimony is her motive; I think it's a redeeming streak of gypsy in her. She takes her cook and her chauffeur berrying, and lets them pick for their own families; but she picks herself as hard as anybody, all day, in the broiling sun. She took me along to get barberries because I knew a good place and she didn't. My place was right across the road from a house, but barberries aren't marketable, and very few farmers' wives ever gather them. The prickly bushes rank as "pesky weeds" in country circles.

Mrs. Williston-Smith entertained me while we picked with tales of her raspberrying adventures. She and her party had picked thirty quarts one day, and been put out of the same field twice—a field plainly marked with a "No trespass" sign. And she thought being put out a fine joke! I was ashamed of her, but it didn't seem quite decent to show it.

The chauffeur's wife did not want to make any barberry jelly; she thought it took too much sugar. So James contributed his spoils to his mistress, and we soon had barberries enough to satisfy both of us. Accordingly we arranged ourselves and our baskets in the expensive limousine and started for home. Suddenly Mrs. Williston-Smith started out of her deep-cushioned ease to speak sharply to her man: "James, isn't that a butternut tree down by the brook?"

James said that it was, and drew up by the roadside. "It's probably been stripped before now," observed his mistress, "but we'll have a look. No, no baskets, James, and we sha'n't need you. I'm sure there's no more than a handful of nuts. Want to go prospecting, Mary?"

We scrambled down to the brook. There one tree led us to another, and

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there were many handfuls of extra big nuts on the ground. Mrs. Williston-Smith looked wearily at the steep climb back to the road. "We're in old clothes; we can use our petticoats," she decided swiftly, and we staggered triumphantly up the bank, each with a skirtful of nuts to add to her store—Mrs. Williston-Smith confided to me that she had at least six bushels drying.

She summoned James to the boundary fence with baskets just in time to save us the embarrassment of being caught with our skirts up by a little red-faced, ferret-eyed man who was shambling along the road on foot. Slowly he took us in. Having passed the car on his inspection tour, he turned and accosted us ceremoniously.

"Did you ladies have any business down there?" he demanded. "Want anything?"

"Not a thing," said Mrs. Williston-Smith, affably. "We're just leaving."

Ferret Eyes shambled nearer. "Nuts!" he said, accusingly. "That's my land. I live back there." He pointed in the direction of my barberry patch.

"Well, you don't want these few butternuts, do you? You *know* you weren't going to pick them." Mrs. Williston-Smith was as accusative as the farmer.

"We'll gladly leave them for you," I interposed. "We certainly don't want them if you do."

"Oh, that's all right. Take 'em, now you've got 'em," he relented grandly, and started off. In a minute he was back. "I presume you've got a place in town," he resumed. "What 'd you think of me coming in and helping myself? I presume you'd want to have me arrested; wouldn't you, now?"

"No, I wouldn't," asserted Mrs. Williston-Smith, cool and, to judge by tales of her encounters with boyish marauders, quite mendacious. "Not if you behaved yourself."

"Be'aved myself!" he repeated, belligerently. "Be'aved myself! And do you call it be'avin' yerself to go in unbidden where ye don't belong and take what don't belong to ye?" He whirled off suddenly, as if conscious that he had gone very far.

"He's drunk, Mary," Mrs. Williston-Smith murmured, slipping agilely under the fence, "disgustingly drunk. I got a good whiff of his breath just then. Start the car, James. Come on, Mary. Let's get away from here."

The ferret-eyed man was hopping angrily about behind the big limousine. "Comin' around here in that!" he shouted, shaking a dirty fist at its sleek and shining side. "Goin' in where ye've no business, without nobody's leave—"

"Home, James," said Mrs. Williston-Smith, gayly. "My, but he's drunk! I don't believe that's his land. It's a lot nearer that white house on the other road. I expected every minute that somebody would pop out from there and shout at us."

"You wouldn't like him to take your fruit," I suggested.

"Not the same thing at all," said Mrs. Williston-Smith, calmly. "He didn't plant those trees. Butternuts grow wild. Wild things belong to anybody. Besides, I'll *never* believe it was his land. He was drunk and ugly—on bad whisky—smuggled probably."

Butternuts sold finally at seventy-five cents a bushel—when they sold at all. We hadn't, of course, left many, and the farmers, it seemed, were too short of help and too busy picking apples at two and three dollars a bushel to bother much with our leavings.

"Still we did think it was sorter queer," my butter-and-egg woman told me, "that people from town—substantial people of means—should come around in their autos and take them nuts right out from under our noses. There was a lot of talk about it down to the grange meetin'. 'Twa'n't the money we minded; it was the idear."

"Do they bother you berrying?" I asked, secure in the knowledge that I had never foraged in her neighborhood.

She hesitated. "Oh, there's generally enough for all. Of course strawberryin' is bad fer medder grass. And sometimes, when you've located an awful good raspberry patch an' lotted on skimmin' it, an' a party from town git thar first—before you're through with the housework—and flax round in there and tramp down the bushes, why, it's awful aggravatin'. Not the berries so much as the idear."

"The idear" of "goin' in unbidden where you don't belong and takin' what don't belong to you," because it grows wild and God alone made it, though Farmer Jones pays the taxes—the double standard of morality and courtesy, one way for the country and another for the town—strange that in all my farmside wanderings and pillagings I had never thought of it at all before. The ethics of butternutting is simple enough: Ask first and pay as you go. The same rule will do also for berrying. Forbidden fruit (when the shoe is on the right foot) may be sweetest to Mrs. Williston-Smith—with great gusto she tells and retells the story of her routing the drunken little tramper—but my New England conscience pricks me now when I look at my jars of wild-strawberry jam and my hoard of nuts drying in the attic no longer intrigues me. And then nuts and berries are only a small part of my wilderness spoils. There are countless other crops even finer in the eyes of the discriminating, and quite unpurchasable: arbutus blossoms, cowslip and dandelion greens, and watercress in spring, milkweed tips in June, mushrooms all summer; in the fall, frost grapes and barberries, scarlet bittersweet branches, partridge vines bedded in deep-green moss for my bowls, pine cones smeared with pitch for my open fires. Who am I that the farmers should give me all these lovely things?

In summer I picnic by their swift brown brooks. I build my cooking fires out of the dry wood that litters their ground on the stones by the stream or up among the spruces, where the upland view is finest. I tramp across their acres unasked and unasking, culling flowers from their wild land, and ferns and bright leaves and berries in autumn, when and where I please. And never, till the little ferret-eyed man drunkenly expounded the matter, did I realize the depths of my debt to my farmer neighbors, guardians of the wild, generous enough to object only to the most flagrant and mundane of my many intrusions. But their generosity does not abrogate my debt.

"SENTIMENTAL mush!" comments my practical young cousin Caroline, reading so far over my shoulder. "Your butter-and-egg woman wouldn't recognize her 'idear' with all your frills on it. Farmer Jones would laugh at it just as hard as Mrs. Williston-Smith. What Ferret Eyes wanted, of course, was not a few nuts which it wouldn't pay him to take to market, but the price of another drink. If he really wanted to keep people out, he'd put up trespass signs. He'd laugh well if you asked permission to get puff-balls and parasol mushrooms on his hill, or else he'd warn you solemnly against eating poison 'tudstools.' He probably never heard of partridge berries. A farmer is a business man, out for profits, like the rest of the world. The farm things you like, including views, are just trash to him—except possibly nuts."

"Then you do think I'm right about the ethics of butternutting?" I asked, meekly.

"Oh, yes," agreed Caroline, "you probably are. But you can't do anything about it. It's just part of the general wave of crime and lawlessness induced by the motor habit. Automobiles make robbery and murder and all that sort of thing so easy! It's an infection—the newspapers are full of it. You can't expect this neighborhood to escape." At my gasp of horror she set her chin defiantly. "That $12,000 car took life yesterday," she announced.

"Oh, no, Caroline!" I demurred.

She nodded. "It did—and whizzed off. It killed the ten-pound hen turkey that I'd ordered for our family Thanksgiving dinner. And didn't pay damages. And I can't get another at that place; the motor death rate has been too high this summer. 'Chickens and turkeys don't belong in the road; we haven't time to stop for them to jump the wrong way and cackle and flutter and run to safety.' That's the current motor ethics, and it's an easy step from that to not bothering about dogs and cows and children. Why, all the callousness of Bolshevism and anarchy is inherent in the way nice people do death and destruction to chickens and blithely speed away."

"Caroline," said I, sternly, "you may call me sentimental, but you're sensational—wildly so."

"Well, it's a sensational age," re-

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sponded Caroline, calmly. "Motors at the bottom of that too, I should say—and movies. Now you go and rag Mrs. Williston-Smith about berry patches and butternuts and chickens. Rag her hard. I'm frightfully annoyed at having to hunt up another ten-pound hen turkey."

I shall certainly talk butternut ethics to Mrs. Williston-Smith. It is the least I can do—to try to make her appreciate one small point in the case of country *versus* town. But the whole big case, based on the fact that God's country, and Farmer Jones's, is the free playground of everybody who loves it, and that therefore some of the happiest hours of life and some of its dearest treasures are the gift, real though often involuntary, of Farmer Jones—I can never get that across to Mrs. Williston-Smith. And Caroline persists in confusing the issue by talking of the depredations of *motorists*—not my point at all. I wish I could get some sociologist interested in the degree of communism practiced by Farmer Jones as one of the hopeful social phenomena of to-day. Perhaps he would help me to plan a similar town communism; some way whereby we villagers may discover some wild—that is, God-given—unregarded assets of our own, which we may dispense for the general happiness with the matter-of-course liberality of Farmer Jones. Or is it all, as Caroline thinks, a perfectly wild "idear"?

THE CURE FOR RURAL UNREST

A FARM INTERPRETATION OF THE EFFECT UPON FORTY MILLION PEOPLE OF FALLING PRICES, HIGH FREIGHT RATES, GROWTH OF TENANCY, AND DISCRIMINATION AGAINST FARMERS' CO-OPERATIVE ORGANIZATIONS. WHAT THE GOVERNMENT CAN DO AND WHAT THE FARMERS MUST DO

BY CHARLES W. HOLMAN

THE aftermath of war has had tragic and terrible consequences for American farmers. Unless relieved, the social and political effects will be far-reaching. Farmers are downhearted, unrestful, and resentful. They have become critical and pessimistic and thousands have lost faith in the future of their vocation.

In the South conditions are especially acute. Distress, suffering, and disease in rural districts have impelled President Harding to request both the Public Health Service and the Red Cross to make emergency surveys. Meantime the cotton of Southern farmers, which the world does not want, is stacked in their yards and not worth the mortgages held against it by merchants and bankers. It is a strange and grotesque parody on the economics of the times.

CONGRESS ALSO INVESTIGATING

A Congressional Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry has been created by Congress. This Commission, consisting of five Senators and five members of the lower house, is conducting a ninety-day, Nation-wide inquiry into conditions.

Its work is divided into hearings which are conducted by the Commission and a comprehensive economic survey in which the statistical gathering branches of every executive department have been co-ordinated to supply data for the Commission to analyze. Professor Clyde S. King, a noted economist of the University of Pennsylvania, is in charge of the survey.

The significance of this inquiry can hardly be overestimated. It is the first time since 1908 that the Government has taken special cognizance in such manner of the needs of farmers.

TELLING THEIR WOES TO THE COMMISSION

Farm leaders from almost every State have already appeared before the Joint Commission. Some have brought striking data. Others have been able only to give opinions. But at least one important contribution has come from farmer sources. The Commission has obtained a very clear knowledge of rural psychology, of the desperate state of mind among the rural people.

The unprecedented fall in prices of farm products, beginning in July of last year, resulted in a seven-billion-dollar price loss in the aggregate to American farmers. Wool-growers suddenly found their market absolutely gone. And millions of pounds of raw wool was coming to this country from Australia, South America, and Africa! As soon as the underpinning of the United States Grain Corporation was taken from the wheat price it began to tumble. A bumper crop of corn sent that commodity so low that it was worth more as a substitute for coal than for food. Live-stock feeding has been a losing game for three years. Dairymen found that Denmark could lay butter down in New York City and make a profit because of the higher rate of exchange of the dollar as compared with Danish kroner. Slowly, because producers were better organized for marketing, dairy products followed this trend to lower price levels.

When May of the present year had been reached, the purchasing power of the farmers' dollar had reached its low point. Compared with the buying power of his crops in 1913, the farmers' dollar of 1921 was worth only 65 cents; live-stock dollars will buy only 72 cents; cotton, 60 cents; corn, 65 cents; and wheat, 65 cents. Even though prices held up for a few months in 1920, the average purchasing power of farm commodities for that year was 89 cents as compared with the commodity dollar of 1913. Not since 1890 has there been such a depression.

Prices received by farmers in an average Ohio community on June 15 of this year as compared with the same date last year show that corn had fallen from $1.83 to 59 cents per bushel; wheat, from $2.27 to $1.35 per bushel; oats, from $1.07 to 36 cents per bushel; barley, from $1.65 to 60 cents per bushel; and rye, from $1.83 to $1.15 per bushel.

A survey of fifty Ohio farms conducted by the Ohio Farm Bureau Federation showed that average cash receipts in 1920 exceeded expenses by $1,897. After deducting average inventory values, $793, the net returns for farmers were $1,104 for wages and interest on an average investment of $23,673. Had the average farmer sold his property and invested the proceeds at 6 per cent and lived on his interest, he would have been in better condition.

Against this drop in the purchasing power of the farmers' dollar has come the added handicap of a horizontal rise in freight rates. Freight increases hit the farmer a double blow. Prices of raw products are made at terminal points. Farmers, therefore, must pay the freight to the terminals. Prices of what he must buy are based upon points of shipment plus the freight.

RAILWAYS GET MORE THAN GROWERS

The disproportion of freight rates to the prices of perishable commodities was shown very conclusively by witnesses before the Commission.

One example from the mass will suffice.

From Jennings, Florida, a grower shipped a car-load of 1,600 melons to Philadelphia. This shipment, handled by the Florida State Marketing Bureau, brought $475 on the wholesale market. The farmer paid $249.78 for freight, $33.25 for commission charges. He received $197 for his net returns. For each melon the commission man received 2½ cents, the farmer 12⅛ cents, and the railways 15⅝ cents.

A mass of documentary evidence was laid before the Commission to prove that freight rates are restricting general consumption. Additional evidence was produced to show that the spread in perishable products between producer and consumer is often as high as three hundred per cent of the producers' price.

DISTRIBUTIVE SYSTEM ANTIQUATED

It is patent that the present system of distribution is suffering from arterio-

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sclerosis. The attitude of "the trade" is an important contributory factor to this condition. The average trader is more interested in maintaining a high profit on a small turnover than a low profit on a large turnover. Here we find an inevitable conflict in which producers and consumers through their co-operatives are joining against the middleman.

BANKING SYSTEM INADEQUATE

In the present emergency the banking system has failed to meet all the financial needs of farmers. When the economic collapse came, farmers instinctively felt the necessity of gradual marketing. The bankers, fearful of "frozen loans," attempted to force the movement of crops by putting all the pressure possible upon growers. In this they were undoubtedly sustained by the pragmatic Mr. Houston, former Secretary of the Treasury, and the Federal Reserve Board.

The farm reaction to this curtailment of credit was a demand for export credit to enable Europe to buy of us. Farmers thought, and still think, that additional enormous quantities of their commodities can be absorbed by Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the Central Powers if a proper arrangement of credit is afforded those buyers.

Their efforts in this direction led to the revival by Congress of the War Finance Corporation, against the advice of Mr. Houston and the opposition of former President Wilson. That body is now functioning under the able leadership of Eugene Meyer, Jr. It has made some loans here and there, and, although its powers are limited, it has had a wholesome effect to date.

Now the President, Mr. Meyer, and Mr. Hoover seem agreed, and the Congress is also agreed, that the powers of the War Finance Corporation should be broadened to enable it to assist in working out a Nation-wide gradual marketing programme. For some months the banking world has been dazed by the aspect of a huge volume of unmarketable raw commodities which must be carried into the indefinite future. European buyers have suddenly changed their buying methods. Instead of purchasing large stocks and carrying them against demand, they have adopted a programme of frequent small purchases. It follows that American owners must either hold their surplus until world consumption increases and gradually feed this excess into the channels of trade, or hold until such time as farm production can be readjusted to the smaller demand. A programme of this character necessitates longer-term credit instruments, lower rates of interest, smaller profits to the bankers, and the rapid development of large farmers' co-operative marketing agencies.

STORAGE ESSENTIAL TO ORDERLY MARKETING

To put into effect gradual marketing requires a vast expansion of storage facilities in this country. The old system of distribution was based upon short-time farm storage and the rapid movement from farms to the centers of consumption. Mills or manufacturers or speculators undertook to provide storage service. If farmers are to adopt a new system and carry their own crops, they must have credit. They cannot get sufficient credit unless they put their goods into warehouses and take out commodity insurance. Even then the average bank is unwilling to issue long-time paper on this type of security. A Federal institution such as the War Finance Corporation or a Government export corporation could do much to relieve this situation. In time bankers will make their minds more flexible, but "that is another story."

Such financing will allay pain, but cannot cure farmers' ills. Of what advantage will it be if their crops, when sold, do not give them adequate purchasing power? Either prices of farm products must rise or there must follow quickly a further downward leveling of prices for products which farmers buy. Otherwise agriculture will collapse and farms will be abandoned by the thousands and the country will suffer serious consequences.

DISCRIMINATION AGAINST CO-OPERATIVES

Considerable information was filed with the Commission to show that certain manufacturing and mercantile institutions discriminate against farmers' co-operative purchasing associations. Many instances of well-financed farmers' buying organizations having been shut off from opportunity to purchase or denied regular trade discounts because of opposition from retail dealers were recited. In addition, the farmers complained that their own commission companies are denied seats on the live-stock and grain exchanges because they prorate their dividends back to members on the basis of patronage.

This opposition, farmers claim, extends even to prevention, where possible, of the establishment of co-operative undertakings. A few weeks ago a group of business men from many States met in Cincinnati and announced the raising of a fund of $250,000 to be spent in combating the formation of farmers' live-stock and grain marketing organizations. Other organizations are spending thousands each year to defeat the attempts of milk producers to organize for the selling of their products.

WHAT FARMERS WANT

Further complaint was made over the delay of Congress in passing legislation for which farmers have been working. If rural unrest is to be allayed, there must be prompt and sincere and effective action in behalf of these measures which farmers feel are needed by them:

1. The Capper-Volstead Co-operative Bill, authorizing the formation of agricultural co-operative associations to do business in inter-State trade.

2. Truthful branding of seeds, feeds, fertilizers, and woolen fabrics and prohibition of the manufacture of bogus milk products.

3. Immediate lowering of freight rates.

4. Protection of co-operatives against discriminatory trade practices.

5. Adequate protection from foreign competition in the Tariff Bill.

6. Extension of Governmental information gathering facilities as to the production, movement, and prices of raw farm commodities and more adequate cost of production surveys in this and competitive countries.

7. A co-operative personal credit act to facilitate short-time loans.

8. Enlargement of credit facilities for commodity loans.

9. Restoration of control of the Federal Farm Loan System to the member associations. This was provided for in the original bill establishing the system, but was amended during the war. And there should be modification of this act so that poor men and tenant farmers will have an opportunity to take advantage of it by a system of Federal aid to land purchase.

Gradually landlordism is undermining the health of agriculture. Tenant farmers in the past decade continued to increase, following the trend of some forty years. The Census of 1920 showed 38.1 per cent of all farms in the country operated by tenant farmers. This was an increase from 37.1 per cent ten years ago and 35.3 per cent in 1900.

These figures do not tell the whole story; for tenancy has a strangle-hold on the South, running as high as 70 and 80 per cent in blocks of counties; it is making marked gains in the corn and wheat belts.

As land increases in price it becomes more difficult for the landless man to own a farm. The present law permits a Federal Land Bank to loan only up to fifty per cent of the value of a farm and limits the loan to $10,000. The Irish Land Commission permits a tenant to purchase a farm without a cash payment and for less than the annual rents. In Denmark a man needs only ten per cent for cash payment and a good character.

Some such provision is needed, and with it a fundamental thinking through of the perplexing problem of land valuation so as to do away with speculation. Otherwise, there can be no check to the rising trend of farm production costs.

All of these demands Congress can properly meet. But the way out and up for farmers must necessarily rest upon them. No legislation will ever be a panacea. Farmers understand this fact, and all they are asking is legislation which will enable them to operate on a parity with other industries.

The restoration of agriculture will contribute largely to the revival of business, because forty million people will again be consuming their normal requirements of manufactured products.

The Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry has an opportunity to render a great and lasting service by dramatizing our need of a National agricultural policy.

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DR. SUN ASKS
BUT YOU CAN HELP PAY

A CLASS IN NATURE STUDY AT THE J. N. ADAM MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, PERRYSBURG, NEW YORK, WHERE CHILDREN SUFFERING FROM TUBERCULOSIS OF THE BONES AND GLANDS ARE GIVEN THE "SUN CURE"

SMALL PATIENTS RECUPERATING FROM THE RAVAGES OF THE TUBERCLE BACILLUS WITH THE HELP OF DR. SUN

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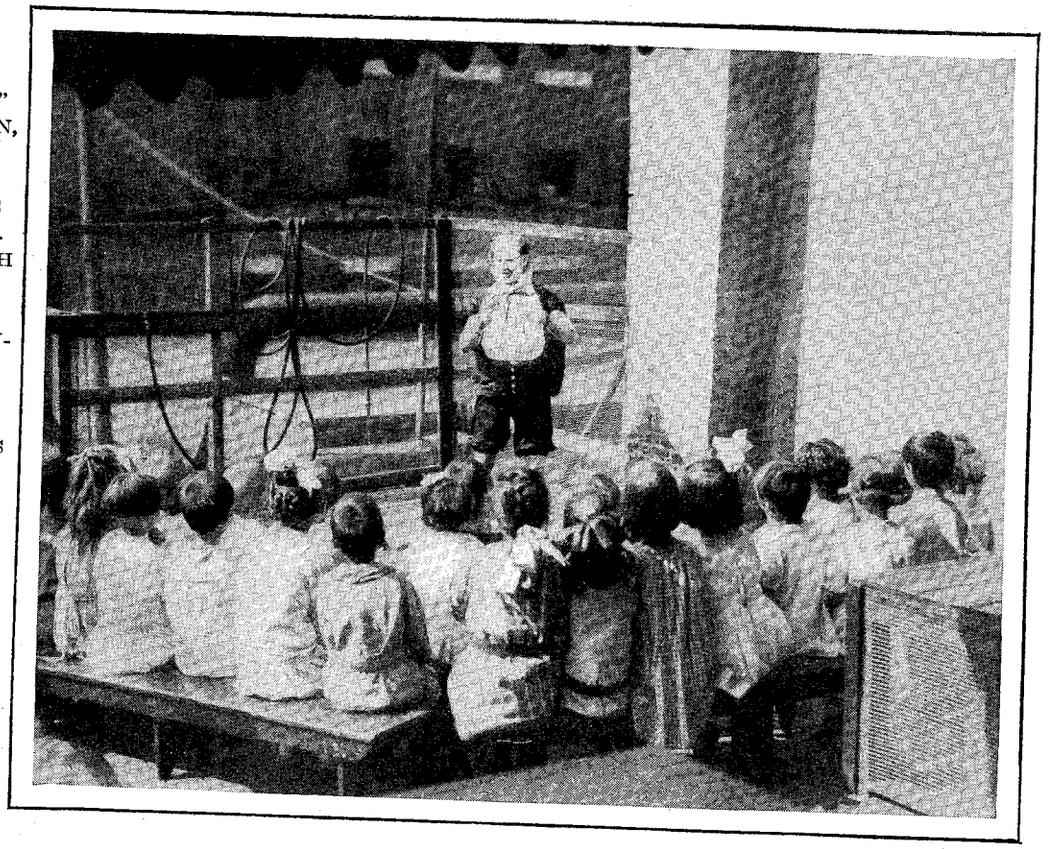
A GAME OF "RING AROUND ROSIE" HELPS TO LIMBER UP UNUSED MUSCLES AND MEND TUBERCULOUS TISSUE



"HUMPTY DUMPTY," THE HEALTH CLOWN, TEACHES YOUNG AMERICA HOW TO PREVENT ILLNESS BY KEEPING WELL. ONE OF THE HEALTH EDUCATION MEDIUMS OF THE NATIONAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION, WHICH CONDUCTS ITS FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CHRISTMAS SEALS SALES IN DECEMBER IN ORDER TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE CONTINUANCE OF ITS CAMPAIGN

EDITORIAL COMMENT ON THE SALE APPEARS ELSEWHERE

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THE BOOK TABLE

NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

BY SIDONIE MATZNER GRUENBERG

(Author of "Sons and Daughters," "Your Child Today and Tomorrow," etc.)

THERE are hundreds of books for boys and girls that sell themselves by means of an attractive jacket bearing a picture suggesting adventure or an interesting situation. It is often true that these books are perfectly harmless stories, and serve a perfectly legitimate demand for excitement or entertainment. They may be taken for granted, like the latest new brand of talcum powder or the mechanical bulletin board. But when people take the trouble to go shopping for special occasions it is worth while to take pains to get something better than tolerable. The present list is in a sense a "white list" showing books for young people that are among the best now offered.

Many excellent stories have been omitted because of careless or inferior writing. In three or four cases excellent texts were ruined by inartistic or poorly reproduced illustrations; and in about as many cases well-illustrated books are omitted because of the unsatisfactory reading matter.

On the whole, the best books of the year show an encouraging advance since the depression brought about by war conditions. The tendency is toward a greater realism in the books for younger children, and there is less writing down to the supposed level of the children. In buying books for children many parents confine themselves exclusively to the tried and true titles of a past generation, just as many others buy only the newest to be had. Both extremes indicate lack of discrimination or of confidence in criteria of value in books. The children are entitled to get their thrills in terms of the surging life going on around them—airplanes and radio, railways and submarines. But they are also entitled to the opportunity to form bonds of affection and sentiment with the past of the race. For the latter service there are available many reprints of older favorites in very attractive editions.

The Dante celebration is represented in a volume introducing the young reader to the life and times of Dante, to his great work and the personalities presented in the "Divine Comedy." The interest in foreign lands, which became suddenly so marked in 1914, is represented by collections of fairy tales rather than by books of travel. In many cases, however, these foreign tales, instead of bringing out the characteristic thought and spirit of the various peoples, simply repeat the age-old fables with changes of names and costumes. The value of the fairy books listed here lies in their distinctive flavor. The youth of the race continues to find its inspiration in the same dreams and visions through the ages; changes in fashion affect but the outer form.

FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS

The Tree of Light. By James A. B. Scherer. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. $1.35.

The story of how Christmas came to early England. Very interesting to the serious-minded young person. Over 14.

Twenty-four Unusual Stories. By Anna C. Tyler. Harcourt Brace & Co., New York. $2.

Good stories from Greek mythology, Indian legends, etc. A valuable collection. 10–14.

The Chinese Fairy Book. By Frederick H. Martens. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $2.50.

A collection of the legends of the gods, tales of magicians, historic fairy tales, etc. Very interesting. Attractive illustrations 10–14.

The Treasury of Myths. By Inez N. McFee. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. 75c.

A good introduction to mythology for young children. Ten myths from the Teutonic and Greek. 8–12.

Little Man with One Shoe. By Margery Bailey. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.25.

Six fine tales with the quaint charm and simplicity of the best Irish stories, and six little songs with music. 8–12.

A Treasury of Indian Tales. By Clara K. Bayliss. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. 75c.

Representative nature myths and legends from various tribes, simply retold. 8–12.

American Indian Fairy Tales. By W. T. Larned. P. F. Volland Co., Chicago. $1.35.

Exceptionally attractive collection from authentic sources; beautifully illustrated in colors by John Rae. 8–12.

The Swedish Fairy Book. By Clara Stroebe and Frederick H. Martens. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $2.50.

Carefully selected tales from original sources of Swedish folk-lore. Nicely illustrated. 8–12.

Welsh Fairy Tales. By William E. Griffis. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. $1.60.

Fairy stories of Wales, attractively presented for young children. 8–12.

The Laughing Prince. By Parker Fillmore. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

Jugoslav folk and fairy tales. Striking, characteristic illustrations. 8–12.

The Ruby Story Book. By Penrayn Coussens. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

Stories of life and adventure on the sea, drawn from many sources, historical and legendary. 8–12.

The Golden Fleece and the Heroes Who Lived Before Achilles. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. The Macmillan Co., New York. $2.50.

A welcome addition to "The Adventures of Odysseus," by the same writer and artist. 10–14.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS

Picture Stories for Children. By Irmengarde Eberle. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $2.

Five stories in which sketches take the place of words and add interest.

Sandman's Good Night Stories. By Abbie Phillips Walker. Harper & Brothers, New York. 75c.

Typical short animal and fairy stories. Above the average in merit.

Here and Now Story Book. By Lucy Sprague Mitchell. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Experimental stories written for the children of the city and country school. An interesting contribution towards solving the problem of meeting the young child's literary needs. It points the way to a new approach in harmony with modern psychological ideas.

The Teenie Weenie Man's Mother Goose. Illustrated by William Donahey. Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago. $2.

"The most complete Mother Goose published in America."

Wee Books for Wee Folks. Profusely illustrated. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 50c each.

Grunty Grunts and Smiley Smile Indoors.
Old Red Reynard, the Fox.
Little Bunnie Bunniekin.
The Old Time Story of the Three Bears.
The Old Story of Poor Cockrobin.
The Little Puppy that Wanted to Know Too Much.
Little Mousie Mousiekin.
The Long Ago Years Stories.

Stories for the Seven Year Old. Selected by Louey Chisholm. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $1.

An intelligent collection of stories and poems suitable for the youngest reader. Clear print, nice illustrations.

Piffles' Mother Goose Dot Drawing Book. Henry Altemus & Co., Philadelphia. 75c.

A line drawn from numbered points forms a picture.

STORIES, TRAVEL, AND ADVENTURE

Story of Doctor Dolittle. By Hugh Lofting. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $2.25.

One of those rare conceits that one hails with delight. A charmingly humorous, original tale to be enjoyed by young and old. 10–14 and over.

Book of Pirates. By Howard Pyle. Harper & Brothers, New York. Boxed, $6.

All of this author's buccaneers and pirates assembled in one volume. 41 illustrations, 17 in full color. All by Howard Pyle. 10–14 and over.

Cedric, the Forester. By Bernard Marshall. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

A romantic story of the adventures of a high-minded youth of the thirteenth century. 14 or over—boys.

The Boy with the United States Secret Service. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. $1.75.

The thrill of varied mysteries and high-grade detective work, in connection with real problems of Government departments. 10–14 and over—boys.

The Young Wireless Operator as a Fire Patrol. By Lewis Theiss. W. A. Wilde, Boston. $1.75.

Thrilling adventures in strictly modern style and strictly modern situations. 10–14 and over—boys.

The Raid of the Ottawa. By D. Lange. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. $1.50.

Story of the French and Indian War. Gives a good picture of Indian life and characteristics in exciting situations. 12–14—boys.

The Boy Scouts Book of Campfire Stories. Edited by F. K. Mathews. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Collection of thrilling tales by well-known authors. 10–14—boys.

The Bald Face. By Hal G. Evarts. A. A. Knopf, New York. $3.

Nine stories of wild life. Splendidly told and beautifully illustrated. An unusually handsome book. 10–14.

What Happened to Inger Johanne. By Dikken Zwilgmeyer. Translated by Emilie Poulsson. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. $1.75.

Droll adventures of young people in every-day situations, breezily told by the resourceful Inger herself. 10–14.

Sailing Under Sealed Orders. By Com. Thos. D. Parker. W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. $1.75.

Exciting adventure story. Good picture of naval life. 10–14.

The Frozen Barrier. By Belmore Browne. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.

Adventure story of the frozen North. 10–14.

Maida's Little House. By Inez Haynes Irwin. B. W. Huebsch, New York. $1.75.

A pleasant tale for girls. Well written. A sequel to "Maida's Little Shop." 10–14.

How Sing Found the World is Round. By Sydney Reid. P. F. Volland Co., Chicago. 75c.

Quaint, attractive Chinese. 8–12.

Toni, the Little Wood Carver. By Johanna Spyri. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. 90c.

An Alpine tale. 8–12.

The Joyous Travellers. By Maud Lindsay and Emilie Poulsson. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. $2.

Quaint tales and ballads. Unusually charming. 8–12.

Peggy in Her Blue Frock. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $1.50.

A typical little girl's book. Pleasing and fairly interesting. 8–12.

China and Japan. By Lena E. Johnson and John Finnemon.

Norway and Denmark. By Lieut.-Col. A. F. Mockler-Ferrymen and M. Pearson Thomas.

Australia and New Zealand. By Frank Fox and P. A. Vaile. Macmillan Co., New York. $1 each.

Additions to the almost uniformly excellent series "Peeps at Many Lands." History, religion, customs, vegetation, etc., are taken up straightforwardly and interestingly. 8–12.

The Great Quest. By Charles Boardman Hawes. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $2.

A fine, imaginative, well-written tale. 14 and over.

The Old Tobacco Shop. By William Bowen. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.75.

A whimsical, humorous tale that appeals equally to young readers and older ones—in fact, to all who find entertainment in such books as "Peter Pan" and "Alice in Wonderland." 10–14.

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NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

STORIES, TRAVEL, AND ADVENTURE (*Continued*)

The Puritan Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $1.75.
Good picture of the life of the early settlers. One of the best of the famous "Twin Series." 8–12.

The Windy Hill. By Cornelia Meigs. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.75.
An interesting story by the author of "Master Simon's Garden" and "The Pool of Stars." 10–14.

Diantha's Quest. By Emily B. Knipe, and Alden Arthur Knipe. The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.80.
A tale of the Argonauts of '49, fully up to the high standard of the former historical tales by these authors.

THE WORLD OF NATURE

Prince and Rover of Cloverfield Farm. By Helen Fuller Orton. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $1.25.
Simple stories of a horse and a dog and other farmfolks. Youngest readers.

Woodland Tales. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.
Delightful stories full of woodsy flavor. 8–12.

How It Came About Stories. By Frank B. Linderman. Illustrations by Charles M. Boog. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.
The personified wood folks tell about their peculiar structure and habits in terms the young child can understand; accurate as to facts. 8–12.

Little Friends in Feathers. By Inez N. McFee. Barse & Hopkins, New York. $2.50.
A good introduction to the common birds. Illustrated in color from the pictures of the Association of Audubon Societies. 8–12.

A Treasury of Flower Stories. By Inez N. McFee. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. 75c.
A collection of legends from various sources combined with interesting botanical lore. 8–12.

Animal Life in Field and Garden. By Jean Henri Fabre. Century Co., New York. $2.50.
A continuation of the classic conversations of "Uncle Paul" about common insects, birds, and other animals. 8–12.

The Book of Nature Stories. By H. Waddingham Seers. Dodd Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.
A good collection of authentic nature stories, interestingly told, with eight illustrations in color by M. C. Ford. 10–14.

Secrets of the Earth. By Chelsea C. Fraser. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. $1.60.
Valuable information well given. 10–14.

The Wonder World We Live In. By Adam Gowans Whyte. A. A. Knopf, New York. $3.
The foundations of science told in an interesting and romantic way. Good illustrations. 10–14.

THE ASCENT OF MAN

Kutnar—Son of Pic. By George Langford. Illustrated by the author. Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.75.
A continuation of the story of primitive man, combining information of prehistoric conditions with absorbing adventures. 10–14.

Work-a-Day Heroes. By Chelsea C. Fraser. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. $1.60.
Very instructive and interesting. 10–14.

Masters of the Guild. By L. Lamprey. Illustrated by Florence Clivate and Elizabeth Curtis. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $2.50.
Sixteen admirable stories of every-day life among the artisans of the Middle Ages, with a verse or legend in rhyme for each one. 10–14.

Tales of True Knights. By George P. Krapp. Century Co., New York. $1.75.
A simply written collection of some of the best of the mediæval legends and minstrel tales, with prefatory notes on their origin. 10–14.

Days of the Discoverers. By L. Lamprey. Illustrations by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $2.50.
Stories of romance and adventure connected with the discoveries and early settlements of America from the Scandinavians to the seventeenth century. 10–14.

Stories of American Inventions. By Inez N. McFee. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. $1.60.
Good—interesting and instructive. 10–14.

Boys' Book of Railroads. By Irving Crump. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.65.
Good stories of the various branches of railway service, bringing out the elements of personality and character and human interest. Boys, 10–14 and over.

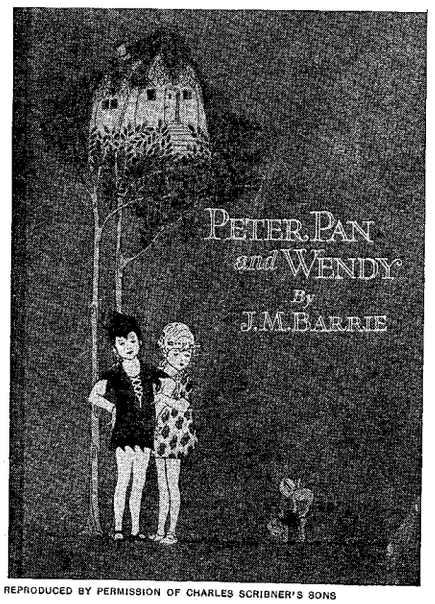
The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. By Francis A. Collins. Century Co., New York. $1.50.
Practical directions for making models of all grades of simplicity, and for conducting contests. Boys, 10–14 and over.

Heroines of History and Legend. Stories and Poems. By Elva S. Smith. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. $2.
A good collection of legendary and historical heroine tales of all times and peoples. Girls, 10–14 and over.

Boys' Home Book of Science and Construction. By Alfred P. Morgan. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. $2.50.
Interests the boy and gives him wide range of scientific information through suggestions for practical experiments and construction. Boys, 10–14 and over.

The Story of Mankind. By Hendrik W. Van Loon. Boni & Liveright, New York. $5.
Following the method of the "History of Discovery"—a distinctive and vivid introduction to general history with characteristic illustrations; will appeal to intelligent and imaginative children. 10–14 and over.

A Treasury of Heroes and Heroines. By Clayton Edwards. Illustrated in Colors by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $3.50.
An attractive gallery of famous men and women from Buddha to Edith Cavell, and including a few from legend and fiction. 10–14 and over.



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THE COVER OF A "MODERN CLASSIC"

Conquests of Invention. By Mary R. Parkman. Century Co., New York. $2.
Interesting and stimulating accounts of the achievements of some twenty modern inventors. 10–14 and over.

Boy Scout Life of Lincoln. By Ida M. Tarbell. The Macmillan Co., New York. $2
A good biography that will appeal to the idealism of young boys. 12–14.

NEW EDITIONS

Hero Tales of Ireland. By Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.
Twelve hero tales reprinted in this edition. Valuable introduction to Irish thought and feeling. The stories abound in distinctive imagery and are full of human interest. 10–14 and over.

The King of the Golden River. By John Ruskin. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 75c.
Attractive, small edition. 8–12.

Blue Fairy Book. By Andrew Lang. David McKay Co., Philadelphia. $3.50.
Beautiful gift volume. Fine black-and-white illustrations by Frank Godwin. 8–12.

Old Time Stories. By Charles Perrault. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $5.
Fine collection of old favorites. Beautiful gift edition, with unusually handsome illustrations by W. Heath Robinson. 8–12.

The Children's Munchausen. Retold by John Martin. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $2.25.
A cheerful introduction to that prince of improvisers, with attractive color plates by Gordon Ross. 8–12.

Wonder Tales from Russia. By Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.
New editions of interesting folk tales collection, with illustrations by Maurice Day. 10–14.

Rip Van Winkle. By Washington Irving. David McKay Co., Philadelphia. $2.50.
With colored pictures and decorations by N. C. Wyeth. 10–14.

Kidnapped. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.75.
A good edition with many full-page illustrations and ornaments by Louis Rhead and Frank E. Schoonover. 10–14 and over.

The Scottish Chiefs. By Jane Porter. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.
A reprint of this favorite of a century of readers, attractively illustrated in colors by N. C. Wyeth. 10–14 and over.

A Tale of Two Cities. By Charles Dickens. Cosmopolitan Book Co., New York. $3.50.
A gift edition with colored illustrations by Harvey Dunn. Over 14.

Peter Pan and Wendy. By J. M. Barrie. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.
A new edition of this incomparable modern classic with suitable black and colored pictures by Mabel Lucie Attwell. All ages.

The Children's Own Longfellow. Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $2.50.
An attractive volume of favorite poems. 8–12.

A Little Boy Lost. By W. H. Hudson. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $4.
A fine story in attractive form.

POETRY AND DRAMA

The Book of Fairy Poetry. Edited by Dora Owen. Illustrated with colored plates by Warwick Globe. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $7.
An anthology of fairy stories, songs, and love in verse, for the most part from the masters of English poetry. 10–14 and over.

A Treasury of Plays for Children. By Montrose Moses. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.
Unusually fine selection of fourteen plays. Wide range of interest. To be read as well as acted. Quaint, attractive illustrations by Tony Sarg. 10–14 and over.

Stories from Dante. By Susan Cunnington. Illustrations in color by Evelyn Paul. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $2.25.
Interestingly told; introduction to the life and works of Dante, with stories of the historic characters. Over 14.

The Children's Garland of Verse. By Grace Rhys. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.
An interesting collection, including some of the most modern verse. 8–12.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

COUNCIL OF SEVEN (THE). By J. C. Snaith. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Described by the publishers as a story of an imaginary struggle in England between "a vast newspaper syndicate, preaching war, and a mysterious group of men who work for peace, but who resort to any poisonous means to attain it." A memorable group of characters take part in the action, and among them are recognizable some of the outstanding figures of the English political world to-day.

PAMELA POUNCE. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

This is a tale of London and Bath in the days of George III, written with the authors' accustomed gayety and their evident pleasure in describing the brilliant ladies and gallants of fashionable society a century ago or so. Those who remember Kitty Bellairs, the lively and irrepressible heroine of other of the Castles' romances, will enjoy meeting her again in the company of her little milliner, Pamela, whose adventures form the plot of this tale.

IN BLESSED CYRUS. By Laura E. Richards. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

A genial story of a little New England town with as many odd but usually lovable people as Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." It abounds in human nature, and its fun is genuine, simple, and contagious.

PARTNERS OF CHANCE. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.75.

Lovers of cowboy stories will remember "The Ridin' Kid from Powder River," which was notable among recent stories of this class because of its fresh

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spirit and animated narrative. This tale by the same author has the same qualities although it is somewhat slighter in plot and construction.

TOPLESS TOWERS. By Margaret Ashmun. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

The author has a clever story idea in placing her two "bachelor girls" in an apartment in uptown New York and making this district of Topless Towers produce the local color of the tale. As is often the case, there is friction and a little jealousy in the "marriage" of even such cultivated and fine girls as are here depicted. The sketching of the women of the story is excellent; that of the men not so good. Altogether it is an agreeable piece of fiction on original lines and free from salient faults.

YOUTH TRIUMPHANT. By George Gibbs. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

The mystery of the origin of little Peggy, a ragged child in boy's clothes selling newspapers in New York's tenement district, forms the basis of the plot. The tale is far from probable, but it is lively, and Peggy herself, first as boy among boys and later as a radiant woman, is a fine example of the triumph of youth over adversity.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

FOUR YEARS IN THE UNDERBRUSH. By A Novelist of Note. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

An educated woman resolves to see for herself what the life of a woman worker is. She works as waitress, saleswoman, packer, chambermaid, etc., for four years, and describes in this book her varied experiences with apparent truthfulness and with an unfailing eye—and perhaps purpose—for the dramatic episode. That her experiences were largely disagreeable was perhaps due in part to her own critical temperament; but, discounting this, the record makes an unusual sociological document of a somewhat pessimistic character.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES. By Herman G. James, Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

The author of this volume has already published a number of books on civic functions. In the present work he describes the government of cities, counties, and minor political divisions. He surveys the local government systems of England and France and traces the history of local institutions in this country from colonial times to our own. We have two kinds of local government, one urban in character and the other rural. There is also occasionally a third form, commonly known as the township, intermediate between the two. Throughout the book we are conscious of two things; first, an essential unity in the problems of local government, and, second, the notable progress during the past decade in the movement for constitutional, municipal home rule. In this connection Dr. James intimates that urban administrations of communities of from ten thousand inhabitants up may well be wholly distinct from county jurisdiction. Again, as to intercounty work he makes the further excellent suggestion that where public undertakings require the co-operation of two or more counties in order to insure harmonious action provision should be made for joint administration by representatives of the State government.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

DOWN THE COLUMBIA. By Lewis R. Freeman. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

A stirring account of an adventurous trip down the Columbia River from its source to its mouth. The author was, so far as known, the first traveler to accomplish this feat, and though it does not rank with the descent of the Colorado by Major Powell, or even with some trips on the Columbia itself by the early explorers, the achievement was noteworthy and well worth commemoration in the present entertaining volume.

MORE ABOUT UNKNOWN LONDON. By Walter George Bell, F.R.A.S. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Bell has a remarkable faculty for making old and dingy places bright with the romance of historical association. We lately spoke about his delightful small book on the Tower of London. In the present volume he wanders from spot to spot in old London, finding "a garden of memories," grim and stirring, in Tower Green, myths and traditions at the Guildhall where the giants Gog and Magog preside, and in queer little courts in Fleet Street and off it where Goldsmith and Samuel Johnson and other eighteenth century notables lived and talked, and so on in other places, always telling something that has the charm of personality as well as that of antiquity.

PACIFIC TRIANGLE (THE). By Sydney Greenbie. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Here is a book about the problems of the Pacific as well as its lure to the voyager. It is quite unlike the semi-romantic works on the Pacific that have had such wide circulation recently, and its record of travel, its interesting observations on racial characteristics, and its general discussion of international questions make it valuable to the serious reader as well as entertaining to the lover of "travelogues."

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

SOME MODERN FRENCH WRITERS. A Study in Bergsonism. By G. Turquet-Milnes. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.50.

We do not always connect some of the outstanding figures in present-day French literature with French philosophy. We shall do so, however, if we read the present volume. Barrès, Bourget, Anatole France, Claudel, Clermont, Moréas, Peguy, and Romains may be interpreted in terms of Bergsonism—at all events, the philosophy of Bergson has been a potent influence in their work. The inspiring feature in the author's estimate is found in Bergson's own words: "I doubt that the evolution of life will ever be explained by a mere combination of mechanical forces. Obviously there is a vital impulse . . . toward a higher and higher efficiency, something which even seeks to transcend itself, to extract from itself *more* than there is—in a word, to create." In the same spirit M. Turquet-Milnes concludes: "The war will have served to show us . . . that action or thought is due to an automatism of adaptation or of education—that strength of soul and delicacy of heart, ardent force of patriotism, rapid intuitions of a Being which is superior to the world, heroic acts of sacrifice, are the most perfect product of our civilization." The foregoing excerpts would indicate the serious and suggestive character of the book. Its readers will be stimulated towards further reading and will be helped by the bibliography which occupies no less than thirty-four pages at the close of the volume.

WAR BOOKS

FOLLY OF NATIONS (THE). By Frederick Palmer. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

Major Palmer, as is well known, had unique facilities and opportunities to know the history of the Great War from the inside, for he represented the entire American press with the British army in France. Before that he served as correspondent in most of the wars in the last quarter century. This volume is not in the least a history; it is a collection of papers, some serious, others in lighter narrative vein, about phases and questions growing out of the last war and all war. Such subjects as "Nationalism," "Old Values," "The World's Sore Spot," and the like indicate in some measure the scope of the book.

EDUCATIONAL

SAFETY FOR THE CHILD. By Dorothea H. Scoville, M.D., and Doris Long. Illustrated. The Republic Book Company, New York. $1.

This excellent compendium of information on the methods of protecting the lives of children contains many valuable suggestions for fathers, mothers, and communities to follow. Its chief emphasis is laid upon preventive measures which should be taken.

MISCELLANEOUS

SHEPHERD'S LIFE (A). By W. H. Hudson. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Another collection of outdoor sketches, legends, and friendly talk by an author who has consistently grown in public appreciation year by year. His close observation, his interest in people as well as in animals and in nature at large, and the humor of the incidents he relates make this one of Mr. Hudson's most agreeable volumes.

TWENTY-FOUR PORTRAITS. By William Rothenstein. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

The jacket of this volume is headed, "The Literary Gift Book of the Year." The characterization, if enthusiastic, is not wholly unmerited, for any one with the least liking for books or pictures should take delight in the vigorous and strongly individualized portraits of famous living Englishmen that are here presented. Among the portraits are those of John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, John Masefield, H. G. Wells, and John Drinkwater. There are accompanying brief biographies.

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WIN $1500.00 For Xmas

Larger Picture Puzzles Free

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How Many Objects Beginning With "C" Can You Find in Picture?

HERE is an opportunity for you to get a handsome Christmas Present for yourself. It is not a fanciful dream but a straight out and out opportunity for you to win $1,500.00. In the picture here you will find a number of objects and parts of objects whose names begin with the letter "C." Pick out objects like cat, cane, chest, etc. Nothing is hidden. You do not even need to turn the picture upside down.

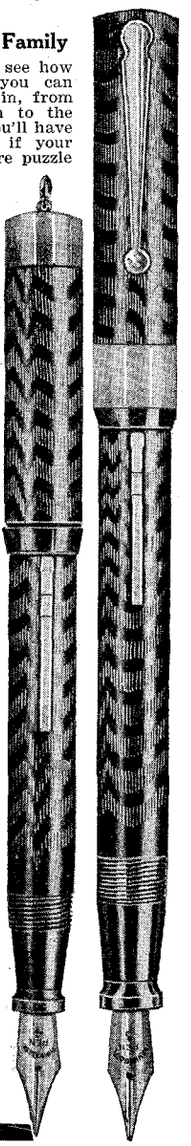
Everybody Join In

It Costs Nothing to Try

Sit down right now and see how many "C" words you can find. The object of this picture puzzle game is to get more people acquainted with Minnesota Fountain Pens. Thousands of them are now giving satisfactory service every day. We want you to buy one of our pens for yourself and another one to use as a gift. A Minnesota Fountain Pen makes a handsome Christmas present, and it will solve the problem of deciding "what shall I give for Xmas?"

Fun for All the Family

Start in now and see how many "C" words you can find. All can join in, from the old folks down to the little youngsters. You'll have loads of fun, and if your answer to the picture puzzle is awarded 1st prize by the Judges you will win $20.00. However, by purchasing a Minnesota Fountain Pen you will be eligible for the big cash prizes.



Observe These Rules

1. Any person who is not an employee, or relative of any employee of the Minnesota Pen Co., may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by December 24, 1921.
3. All answers should be written on one side of the paper only, and words numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use obsolete, hyphenated or compound words. Use either the singular or plural, but where the plural is used the singular cannot be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. An object can be named only once. However, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "C" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.
7. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
8. In the event of tie, the full amount of the prize will be paid each tying contestant.
9. Three well-known business men having no connection with the Minnesota Pen Co., will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes. Participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive. The following men have agreed to act as judges of this unique competition:

W. B. Beavens, Cashier Produce Exchange Bank, St. Paul; J. E. Reinke, Principal, Franklin Public School, St. Paul; K. W. Husted, Civil Service Bureau, St. Paul.

10. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not an order for a Minnesota Fountain Pen has been sent in.
11. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed each person purchasing a Minnesota Fountain Pen.

How to Win $1,500.00

The purchase of one of our $5 Minnesota Fountain Pens makes your answer to the picture eligible for the $500.00 Prize, as shown in the second column of prize list. However, as we want more people to know our pens, and as a special advertising feature, we are making this

Special Christmas Offer

As a Special Christmas Offer, we are offering the grand prize of $1,500.00 to the one who sends in the best answer to the above picture puzzle, provided he has purchased two of our $5.00 Minnesota Fountain Pens at our special Holiday Price of only $9.00. Two Five Dollar Pens for $9.00 is all. Or if you would prefer, three $3.00 Minnesota Pens at $9.00 will also make you eligible for the $1,500.00 Prize. Answer the puzzle and send your order now.

State Style of Pen Wanted

The Minnesota Fountain Pen comes in two styles, ladies' and gentlemen's, in both the $3.00 and $5.00 sizes. The pens pictured here are our five dollar ladies' and gentlemen's pens. The pictures shown are about two-thirds the actual size. In ordering state whether you wish fine, medium or stub point.

Money-Back Guarantee

We guarantee Minnesota Fountain Pens to be perfectly satisfactory. If you are not satisfied with it on arrival, return it and we will exchange it or refund your money.

MINNESOTA PEN CO.

Dept. 750

Saint Paul Minnesota

MINNESOTA

"The Easy-Writing Fountain Pen"

You will find the Minnesota one of the finest pens you ever used. The ink flows smoothly, and you can't resist the easy way in which it writes. Unless our pens were the very best that money can buy, we could not afford to advertise them the way we do. Thousands of them are now in use. Their popularity is increasing by leaps and bounds. If you need a good pen, or if you would like to make a useful and handsome gift to someone, the Minnesota is just what you have been looking for. The pen speaks for itself. We cannot tell you in words, what five minutes' use of the Minnesota will tell you.

Satisfied Users Everywhere

In New York, in Chicago, in Boston, in St. Louis, in San Francisco, and in fact in almost every town and on many a farm you will find the Minnesota Fountain Pen. The ink flow in the Minnesota is perfect. It does not blot or stain the fingers. Writing becomes a real pleasure when you use the Minnesota.

THE PRIZES

	If no pens are purchased	If one $5 pen is purchased	If $9.00 Worth Pens are purchased
1st Prize	$20.00	$500.00	$1,500.00
2nd Prize	10.00	250.00	750.00
3rd Prize	5.00	125.00	375.00
4th Prize	5.00	75.00	187.50
5th Prize	5.00	50.00	100.00
6th Prize	3.00	25.00	75.00
7th Prize	3.00	20.00	50.00
8th Prize	3.00	15.00	40.00
9th Prize	2.00	15.00	30.00
10th to 15th	2.00	10.00	20.00

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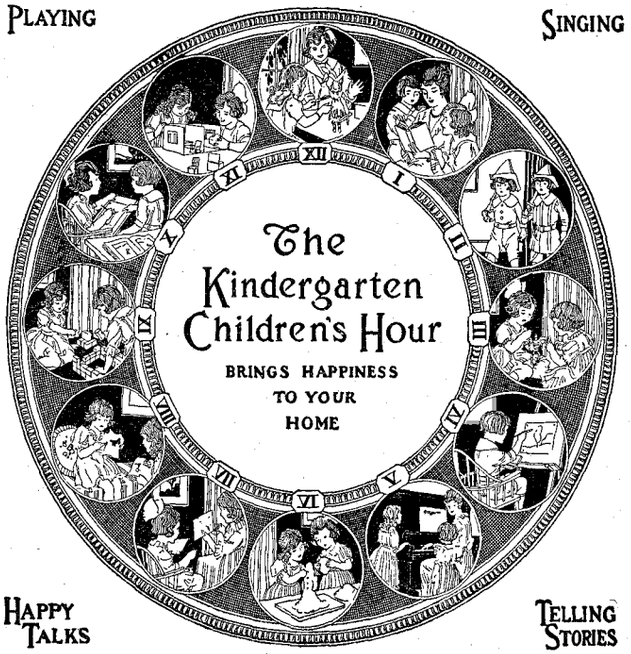
The Best Christmas Gift

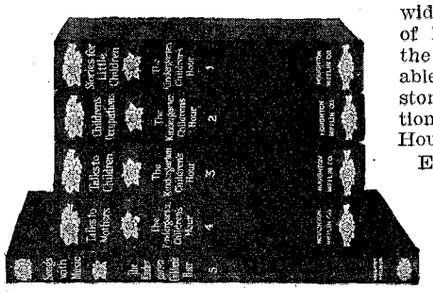
Stories, songs, games, occupations, everything you need—and the best of it, too—has been gathered into these five volumes for mothers and children



Edited by Miss Lucy Wheelock

Stories, songs, games, occupations, everything you need—and the best of it too—has been gathered into these five volumes for mothers and children

Miss Lucy Wheelock, the foremost authority on kindergarten training in America and head of the Wheelock Training School for Kindergartners, from her own wide experience and from the best practices of leading kindergarten teachers all over the world and with the assistance of an able corps of editors has compiled the stories, games, songs, talks and occupations which the Kindergarten Children's Hour contains.



Every feature has been tested with thousands of little children; nothing is included that has not been proved to interest and please very young children at the age when their interest can be aroused and held only by the most skilfully adapted material.

Vol. 1. **Stories for Little Children.** 130 stories that will hold the **little** children quiet and breathless with eager interest.

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Vol. 4. **Talks to Mothers.** "The Angry Child," "The Truthful Child," "The Little Artist," "Playthings," and 35 other problems of child training here find the solution that makes for the children's health, happiness, and character.

Vol. 5. **Songs with Music.** 135 songs of spring, of winter, of greeting and parting, hymns, carols and singing games, and all proven favorites of a thousand kindergartens.

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COMMUNITY MOVIES

BY HELEN M. SCARTH

At this time when movies are one of the most popular topics of conversation it might prove of interest to some to read of the venture of a small New England town which undertook to run "community movies."

"Our Town" is a small New England one, with a population of just one thousand and twenty-one in the township; the nearest city ten miles away by trolley, return trip costing 60 cents; nearest movie three or four miles away by trolley, which runs only once every hour.

"Our Town" provided no amusements that were not (pardon the word) paternal. The great question was, how, in a town of this size, to eliminate the chance of poor movies coming in by having good, self-supporting ones which would prove attractive to all.

A small nucleus of people got together, talked the matter over, and then called a general meeting for all those interested in having a local movie; Mr. Winchell Smith, the well-known playwright, whose home is in "Our Town," having kindly consented to present the situation to those present.

About one hundred and fifty people turned up, and were urged to voice any suggestions or objections that occurred; the result being that a committee was formed, with Mr. Winchell Smith as chairman, and a sinking fund of $1,500 was promised; not more than $50, or less than $10, being accepted from any one individual on the understanding that, in the event of the undertaking being successful, the subscriptions would be returned.

The following letter was then drafted and sent out to all those who had offered to contribute:

"At a meeting in Farmington last night, it was the unanimous opinion that we should have moving pictures in the town; and a committee was appointed to put the plan in operation.

"It was estimated that it would take $1,000 for the purchase of the necessary machine and the installation of a fireproof projecting booth, etc.; therefore another committee was appointed to handle the financial matters, with instructions to get subscriptions for the $1,000.

"The Committee believes the best way to handle the matter is to form a regular syndicate which will own and control the moving-picture venture; and while it is desirous of having the ownership of the stock as widely scattered as possible, in order to get the project started, we are asking them to subscribe for some part of $50.

"After this $1,000 has been subscribed by the original underwriters, it will be expected that some of those underwriters will relinquish some of their holdings to others who may wish to be in on the venture, but for a less amount.

"The Committee does not hold out any particular promise of profit, but it will be very disappointed if there is not a sufficient profit for an early return of the original investment; and then any

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additional profits may be put into better pictures and more elaborate entertainments.

"Inasmuch as the scheme cannot progress until we know whether or not the money is forthcoming, you are requested to fill in the inclosed blank and return to Mr. —— as soon as possible."

On receipt of checks to the amount of $1,500 we got busy, rented the Town Hall for one afternoon and evening a week, and made the following expenditures:

Equipment	$1,300
Printing	25
Insurance	60
Electric wiring	172
Total	$1,557

We then had the State Police pass on our building, etc., negotiated for films, and sent out the following notice:

> This is to announce the showing of moving pictures in Farmington, at the Town Hall, commencing Wednesday evening, January 26, at 8:15 o'clock. Great effort has been made to secure the finest pictures possible so that the people of Farmington and vicinity may enjoy interesting and instructive entertainments every Wednesday evening at popular prices—25 cents and 35 cents.

Through the great kindness and interest taken by our chairman, Mr. Winchell Smith, we were enabled, as we were not a profit-making concern, to get films at very reasonable prices. A committee of women was appointed to select and suggest films, sending lists from time to time to the manager, who arranged the programmes.

The cost of running two performances has averaged between $45 and $55; this includes the films, pianist, two operators, advertising, rent of hall, express, taxes, etc.

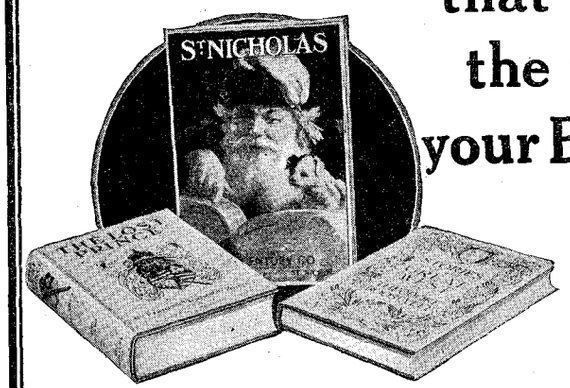
We asked our patrons to give us any suggestions or criticisms, with most gratifying results, an interesting point being that no film has yet been suggested that we have not been glad to produce.

The following are the programmes we have given to date:

Programme	Attendance	Gate Receipts
Mutiny of the Elsinore The Garage Burton Holmes Travelogues	312	$94.00
Twenty-three and One-half Hours' Leave Bell Boy Prismat	302	86.25
River's End Shoulder Arms C. P. R. R. Scenic	308	86.35
Mark of Zorro Gump Cartoons Gaumont News	281	90.40
Pollyanna The Bell Boy St. Mauritz	291	79.90
Shore Acres Scarecrow Babe Ruth	245	72.95
Huckleberry Finn Song of the Paddle Cartoon Comedy	199	54.95

(*Continued on page* 577)

A Christmas Gift that may sway the future of your Boy or Girl



THE eager, sensitive minds of young folks are like photographic plates, constantly recording the thoughts and suggestions they meet in their play and reading.

Continuous association with high ideals, with stimulating and inspiring influences, naturally bends their instincts and energies toward substantial things.

No gift can be of greater value to those in their formative years than a twelvemonth subscription to St. Nicholas magazine.

Four dollars will bring twelve numbers packed full of magnetic stories by authors who know boys and girls, know how to lead them and teach them through suggestion, and influence, and example.

Each issue also contains well-selected and authoritative articles on travel, nature, science, sports, camping, topics of the day. Besides these there are riddles and hobbies, prizes for writings, drawings, photographs, etc.—all especially edited to appeal to, and develop young minds.

As a Special Christmas Offer—all for $5.00—we will send ST NICHOLAS ***and any one of the following splendid books:***

The Lost Prince
By Frances Hodgson Burnett

This story is a classic of youth. It is the fascinating tale of the adventures of a boy prince who, visiting London with his father, becomes lost and sees many sides of real life. A beautifully-bound book. Regular price, $2.

Stories of The Great West
By Theodore Roosevelt

Thrilling tales of frontier life, related with the appreciation which this great President had for the early pioneers and their struggles against the Indians. A book every American boy and girl should read. Regular price, $2.

OR Hero Tales from American History—by Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge—$1.90.
OR The Crimson Sweater—by Ralph Henry Barbour—$1.75.
OR The Brownies and Prince Florimel—by Palmer Cox—$1.75.
OR St. Nicholas Christmas Book of Selected Stories—$2.00.
OR Boy Scouts in the Wilderness—by Samuel Scoville—$1.75.

Subscribe for St. Nicholas this Christmas and let its influence sway the future of your boy or girl toward the bigger, better, finer things of life. Use the coupon opposite.

By taking advantage of our special Christmas offer you add a delightful gift book to the Christmas presents.

Send your subscription NOW. By so doing you afford plenty of time for us to mail the first issue of St. Nicholas, the book selected and a handsome Gift Card to reach the boy or girl before Christmas Eve.

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The CHRISTIAN CENTURY

A Journal of Religion

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON and HERBERT L. WILLETT, Editors

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The New Voice for the New Time!

THE WELCOME that has been given The Christian Century during the past two years by leaders of thought throughout the nation is one of the most encouraging signs in the history of religious journalism. For such a day as this, the leaders are saying, The Christian Century has come. Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Disciples, Baptists and other Christian groups are enthusiastically interested in the service The Christian Century is rendering the entire religious world in interpreting religion as directly applicable to the solution of the problems of today.

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"There are some things that a man cannot get on without in these days; The Christian Century is one of them. I do not subscribe to all that you write or include in your columns, for sometimes you make me wrathy. But I have never detected a cheap or insincere note in the paper. You are fearless and constructive and are leading the way. I have found your journal on the tables of men from the Atlantic to the Pacific in a somewhat wide cruise this year."

PRES. CHARLES M. STUART, Garrett Biblical Institute, Chicago.

"You give us from week to week, in The Christian Century, wise and helpful guidance to the Christian interpretation of the times in which we live."

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"The Christian Century holds a unique place in American journalism. Among the few journals that have stood for complete social justice and a full social gospel I believe The Christian Century holds a unique place. It is fearlessly sounding forth the truth that America in general and the Christian church in particular need to hear."

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"Of all the religious journals coming to my desk the one that I regularly and carefully read with the closest attention and interest is The Christian Century. I admire its editorial policy for its courage, its forcefulness and its devotion to fundamental Christian ideals. It is a great American journal."

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"I consider The Christian Century the most promising venture in the field of religious journalism in the English-speaking world. It is on the way to create a common mind among the leaders of Christianity in this country, because it is leading them to think about common problems in the spirit of the Gospels."

REV. CORNELIUS WOELFKIN, Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York.

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(Continued from page 575)

Programme	Attendance	Gate Receipts
Romance of Tarzan Knight of the Dub Gaumont News	194	58.10
Alias Jimmie Valentine The Convict Kinogram	217	45.50
Daddy Long-Legs Torchy Quaint Isle Marken	262	70.05
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde You'll Be S'prised C. P. R. R. Scenic	203	66.35
His Majesty the American Sea Side Siren Pathé Review	235	76.15
Sand It's a Boy C. P. R. R. Scenic	189	59.95
Egg Crate Wallop Haunted House Pathé Review	174	56.30
Nomads of the North Dog Doctor C. P. R. R. Scenic	190	60.00
Total	3,602	$1,056.85

Average attendance, 240; average gate receipts, $70.

The above statistics tell the story better than words. Through Lent attendance fell off. We now give two continuous shows, starting 6:30 P.M. and 8.30 P.M., and no longer run a matinée except in the case of features especially suitable for children.

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REASONS advanced for the use of the divination rod in locating water as given by the Rev. Robert Clark, of Lyndon, Vermont, in The Outlook for October 19, 1921, will not stand the acid test as applied by scientific investigation. In 1917 the United States Geological Survey issued a paper on "The Divining Rod: A History of Water Witching," written by Arthur J. Ellis, and in the bulletin cogent reasons are given why there is no virtue in the use of a hazel twig or other device for locating water.

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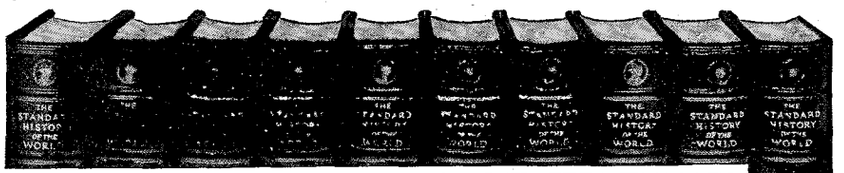

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THE HAZEL WAND
(Continued)

tiquity. Although it is known that the ancients used rods or wands for forecasting events and searching for lost objects, yet little is preserved on the manner in which the instruments were used. The Scythians, Persians, and Medes employed them. Marco Polo records that arrows or rods for divination were utilized throughout the Orient, and other writers found such practices in Europe and elsewhere.

However, whenever, or wherever the delusion may have originated, it spread to many parts of the world, the service of some device being sought to locate, not only water, but iron ore and other hidden things. Men at one time went so far as to use the divining rod in detecting criminals, and for about eighty years after abolishing its use for such a purpose the rod continued to be a fruitful subject for debate among ecclesiastical authorities.

The truth is, water seeks its lowest level and may be found beneath the surface of the earth in most places, high elevations being among the exceptions. Look at the broad areas covered by farms, each supplied with a well, and but precious few were located by resorting to the delusive "water witch." Villages everywhere, houses in close proximity, have abundant supplies. There is enough water beneath the surface almost anywhere to float a navy, the only difficulty arising being to bring it to the surface.

Modern civilization has its roots in ancient superstitions. Men once supposed the earth to be flat, that the sun, moon, and stars whirled about this mundane sphere, that stars and meteors presaged happy events, especially the births of gods, heroes, and great men. In surgery it was thought that the application of various ordures relieved fractures, the touch of the hangman cured sprains, the breath of the donkey expelled poison, and friction with a dead man's tooth relieved the toothache. In the great cities of Central Europe not so very long ago there were towers where witches and demoniacs were tortured and fool towers where the more gentle lunatics were imprisoned.

Thales taught that the original principle of all things had its beginning in water, but the race has long since discarded the idea, and "water witchery" is delusive enough to deserve a like fate. Those desiring to know what recent investigations have disclosed should search modern encyclopædias and other references on the subject.

The movement of the rod or forked stick is due to "unconscious muscular action arising from sub-conscious and involuntary suggestion impressed on the mind of the dowser." There is no virtue in a hazel twig for divining purposes. The idea goes with "table tipping" and other like delusions, for painstaking investigators have found no active quality in the primitive and childlike device.

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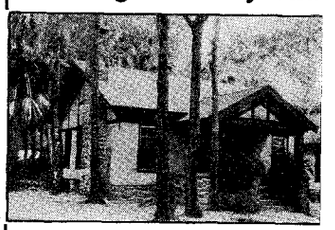

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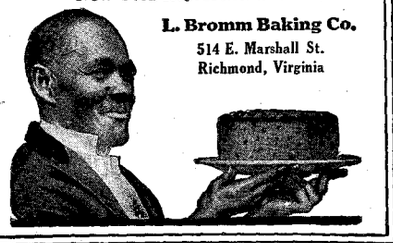

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YOUNG lady desires position as nursery governess, mother's helper, or companion in cultured family in or near New York. Protestant. References exchanged. 731, Outlook.

OSTEOPATHIC physician, woman, wishes to exchange treatments for a home, or same with small salary. Willing to help with mending. Dr. A. J. P., 14 Simpson Road, Ardmore, Pa.

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KINDERGARTNER desires position as companion to woman or companion-nurse to child over two years. Warmer climate than Massachusetts desired. Particulars required in first letter. Address Box 576, Lee, Mass.

REFINED young lady, tactful and well educated, desires position as traveling companion with lady. References. 744, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

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HOUSEKEEPER. Educated, efficient woman, middle aged, capable taking full charge; or companion to lady. Reference. 737, Outlook.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTES

ECHOES of Sherman Rogers's recent trip to Arkansas and of his defense of Arkansas in the October 26 issue of The Outlook are continually being heard. One of Little Rock's leading lawyers writes: "Permit me to thank you for the article by Mr. Sherman Rogers on behalf of Arkansas, which appeared in a recent issue of your journal. It is worth many millions of dollars to our State, and our people should never forget the debt which they owe to you for intervening in their behalf." A Congressman from Arkansas writes us: "I read the article with a great deal of pleasure, and as a citizen of Arkansas I desire to express to you my deep appreciation for this article, and I am quite sure that every citizen of the State would be glad to join me in a vote of thanks to Mr. Rogers for his fairness, and to you for the wide publicity given the article."

IT appears that, despite one's predilection for favorite authors, one doesn't necessarily know how to spell their names. The following are taken at random from The Outlook's recent ballot of favorite writers: Theodore Dreisser, Lewis Sinclair, Samuel S. Blythe, Irving Cobb, George Cabell. Some one includes Sherlock Holmes as one of his favorite authors. At present count Kipling leads the list by a considerable margin; Henry van Dyke, Lyman Abbott, Joseph C. Lincoln, H. G. Wells, Booth Tarkington, John Galsworthy, and Mary Roberts Rinehart are running strongly.

FROM now on The Outlook will boast one less subscriber in California. We are dismissed as follows: "My subscription expires on January 1st, and though we have had your paper for many years, we are all agreed in not renewing. For several years we have kept on through sentimental reasons, but we feel that The Outlook is far from what it once was. This is written to prevent my name being kept on your list through any assumption that I have merely been remiss in not renewing."

On the other hand, a subscriber in Newark, New Jersey, assures us of the following: "The whole scheme of life is upset when The Outlook doesn't come. We are like a ship without a rudder and an automobile without a battery and a fisherman without a hook or bait. Send on The Outlook! Send it perpetually, perennially, wherever I happen to be located. Keep on sending it. I will promise to pay the bill in full although I may be short at the time the subscription expires."

A LETTER from A. C. Millar, of Little Rock, commends Conway to us as material for another article about Arkansas if Sherman Rogers ever gets out into that country again. Conway, we learn, was the former home of Opie Read, who depicted it in his novel "Emmett Bonlore." Does anybody read Opie Read these days? Or have his engrossing romances disappeared from the modern bookshops?

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER, the humorist, was born in 1869. He is the author of "Pigs Is Pigs," "Adventures of a Suburbanite," "Jack-Knife Man," "Goat's Feathers," and other volumes. Mr. Butler lives in Flushing, Long Island. Despite his humorous tendencies, he is a director of the Flushing National Bank.

MISS KATHERINE MAYO, a previous contributor to The Outlook, is one of the foremost advocates of the State Police idea. Her two books, "Justice to All" and "The Standard Bearers," are about the State Police system—the former a historical account of the movement, the latter a collection of dramatic and absorbing stories of the adventures and deeds of the State Police in both Pennsylvania and New York.

PHILIP CARR is the founder and director of an English theater in Paris called "The Little Theatre," which was started before the war and was revived last winter. Mr. Carr was at one time dramatic critic of the London "Daily News," and has been for some time on the staff of the Manchester "Guardian." He has staged a number of English plays, including Congreve's "Way of the World" and "The Knight of the Burning Castle," and is the author of the "Shock-Headed Boy" and other plays.

LADISLAS D'ORCY is editor of "Aviation" and of the "Aircraft Journal" and is an authority on aeronautics. He was born in Fiume and has, we are told by a friend of his, the title of Baron.

CHARLES W. HOLMAN has been a close and active student of agricultural affairs both in this country and in Europe for many years. At one time he was a representative of the United States Food Administration in Japan, Manchuria, and Siberia. He is now financial agent of the National Board of Farm Organizations and Assistant Secretary of the National Milk Producers' Federation.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT continues in this week's issue his series of interpretations of the developments of the Armament Conference at Washington. His successive articles have attracted wide attention among students of international polity. Mr. Abbott has gone to James Whitcomb Riley for the title of this week's contribution.

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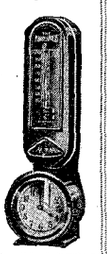

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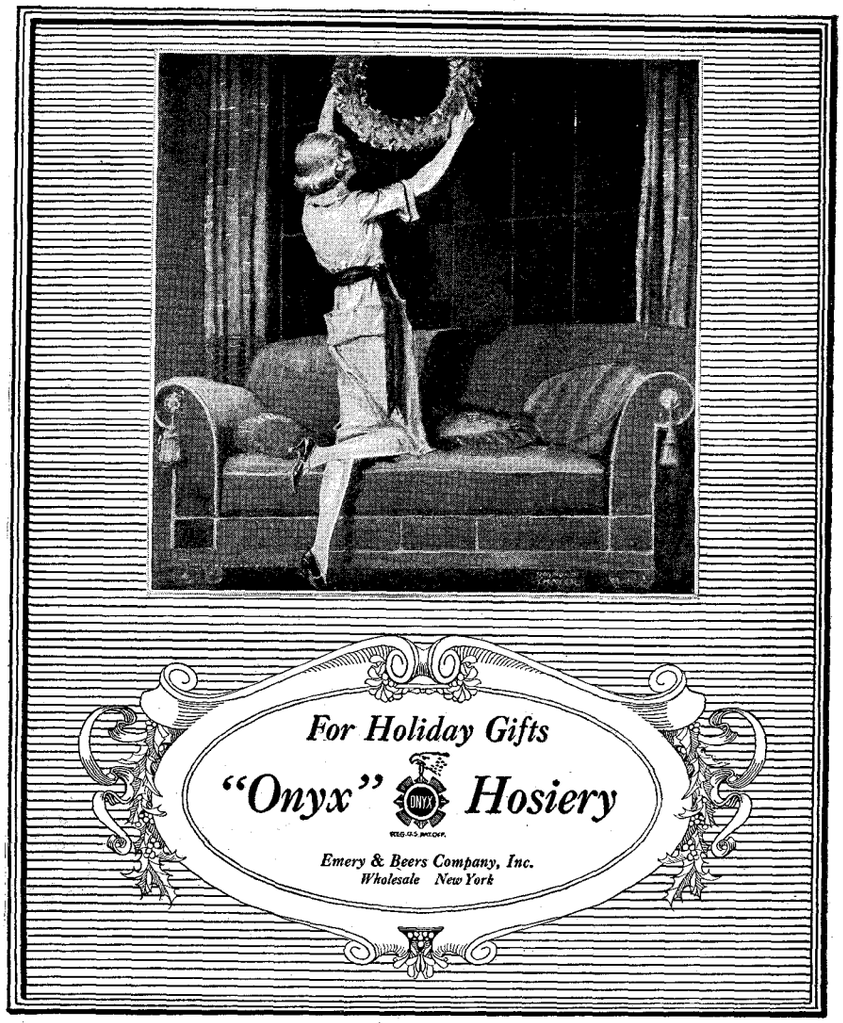

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BY THE WAY

THE wonderful bronze astronomical instruments of the Peking Observatory which were looted by the Germans at the time of the Boxer Rebellion, and later set up at Potsdam, have been restored, a subscriber writes. "Dr. Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, has just informed a friend of mine," our correspondent says, "that the instruments are again in their original positions in the venerable observatory at Peking. All who remember the vandalism perpetrated by the Germans at that time are greatly delighted over the fulfilling of this condition of one of the terms of peace imposed upon Germany as a result of the late war."

Every country has its own famous robbers and pirates, it seems. England had Captain Kidd, America had "Blackbeard," and Germany had Stoertebecker, pre-eminent in his time at least (the fourteenth century) for his seafaring villainy. Treasure-seekers are reported to have recently discovered one of his hoards of buried treasure in the marshes of South Cuxhaven, said to be "valued at 20,000,000 marks." If this means gold marks, the find is certainly worth while—representing about five million dollars. If only paper marks are meant by the despatch, the value is hardly worth the cost of the cable, for the paper mark is now worth only about a third of a cent.

Climbing Mount Everest is in the nature of a campaign which must extend over more than one season. The operations of the expedition that is attempting to reach the summit of this highest known mountain have ceased for this year with the discovery of a possible way up. After almost every approach had been examined and found impassable, the expedition succeeded in climbing the great pass which lies between Everest and one of its northern neighbors, and reported that the ground to the northeastern ridge summit (the highest point) was "quite possible." This route will be attempted next year.

The tramp and the wandering job-hunter, according to the "Type Metal Magazine," no longer follow the railway tracks—at least not in summer. "The approved way now of reaching California is to start out on the Lincoln Highway with a small pack on your back, and seek lifts from tourists at gas-filling stations." This appeal seems to work well, for, says the magazine quoted, the highways during the tourist season have lately been dotted with wayfarers who seemed successful in beating their way to the West by this new plan.

In selecting a store location, a newly published book entitled "How to Run a Store" says, the shady side of the street should be chosen. "In the summer," it says, "people walk on the shady side to avoid the heat. In the winter they still keep to the shady side because it is drier. The sun melts the snow on the bright side and so makes it sloppy, while

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the shady side pavement remains hard. If you sell goods which are affected by the sun, it is wise to locate on the shady side. Fabrics which fade, perfume which loses its color, candy which softens and whitens in the sun, make it difficult and expensive for stores on the sunny side to trim their windows."

The book above quoted contains some excellent hints to salespeople among "things to avoid." Here is an illustration: "A woman bought a dress, but was displeased with its fit. On taking it back, the saleswoman defended the fit of the skirt with this comment: 'You see, dearie, it ain't the skoit's fault. You have such a high stummick.'" Another: "A lady wanted a pair of shoes. She visited a store where the salesmen were all talking together—it was quite early in the morning. Finally one looked over his shoulder and said: 'With you in a minute,' and finished his story before attending to the customer. He then showed her some long, narrow shoes, but she objected, saying, 'No, thank you, I prefer short, broad shoes.' 'No you don't,' the salesman replied; 'you want long, narrow ones this year. Those you are wearing are out of date now.'"

"Seldom am I shaved by a barber," the author of the above-quoted book goes on. "That's an operation I have performed for myself ever since the days of early adolescence when the barber asked, 'Shall I shave up or down?' and I foolishly said, 'Down.' Then he sprang the old wheeze, 'That's all there is to shave—tee-hee!'"

"Our little town of Lombard, Illinois," a subscriber writes, "can, I think, break the record for old-age activity. Mr. Josiah T. Reade for fifty-seven years has been going to his work in Chicago from Lombard as a regular commuter. He was ninety-two years old last August, and still goes each working day to Chicago, where he is regularly employed, traveling a distance of over forty miles each day. His work evidently is entirely satisfactory, as his salary was raised last year. He still has all his faculties intact. In addition to his regular work he is the librarian at Lombard, attending to all the details of a 4,000-volume free library, founded and developed by himself. He is the oldest living graduate of Amherst College and attended the alumni meeting there last June."

Among the oldest active workers in the country may well be mentioned in this column a couple who recently celebrated their eighty-fifth wedding anniversary, as related in newspaper despatches. They are Mr. and Mrs. James Bell, of Abrams, Wisconsin. Mr. Bell is 104 years old, Mrs. Bell 102. "They are as active as people of half their age," the despatch says. "The aged husband makes daily trips to the post office in the village, and sees to innumerable chores about the house. Mrs. Bell busies herself with her needle; she is now making a patchwork quilt, all by hand. Until a couple of years ago she milked the cows every morning."

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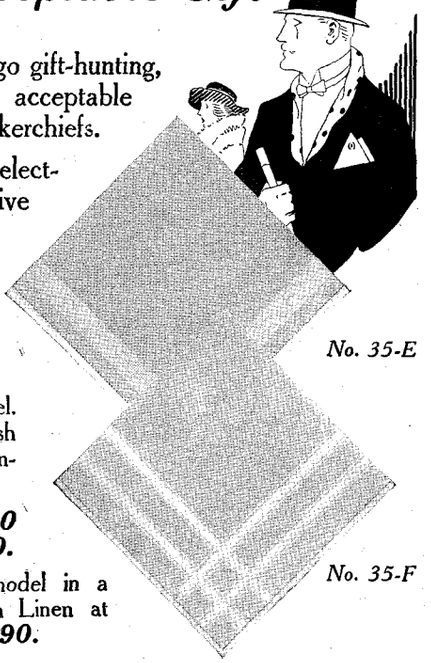

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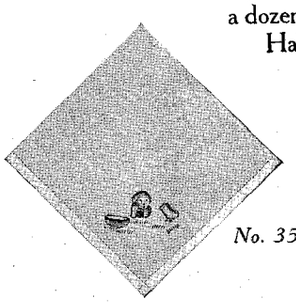

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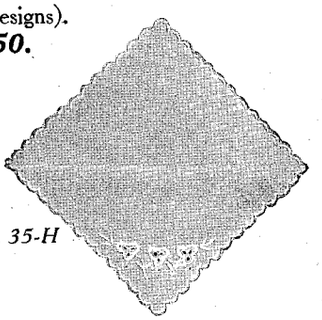

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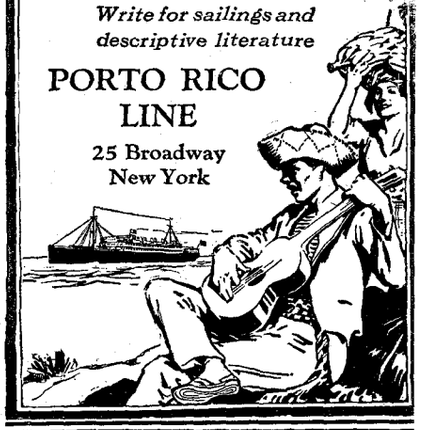

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